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The Farm.

The Cut Worm.

Probably there is no insect pest more troublesome to the farmer than what is known as the "Cut worm," and sometimes the "brown grub." During the present season it has devastated whole fields of newly planted corn, causing the whole work of planting to be done over sometimes twice; and in some cases the fields have been replowed and replanted. When you inquire amongst the sufferers about the habits of this "pest of the farm," very little is known, except that it is a brown grub, that it works at night, and cuts off the corn close to the surface, when it is from an inch to two inches high. What he comes of it after the corn gets beyond its power, nobody seems to know, and where it stays before it attacks the corn is equally unknown. About two years ago, while crossing a field of clover the latter part of July, on the farm of Mr. David Uhl of Ypsilanti; which he had pastured, we found the surface covered with these grubs, which were lying around the stools of the clover in hundreds all over the surface and so thick that the foot could not be set down without trampling on some of them. It was the most remarkable display of this cut worm we had ever seen, and Mr. Uhl himself remarked it as something extraordinary. The worms seemed to be fresh, and might have been dormant; they lay as though they had been forced to the surface by the drought, and as their nature is only to be active at night, to have been surprised by day light, and left in their dormant state. Their numbers were enormous. Dr. Asa Fitch, in his report on the insects of New York gives the following account of them:

The biography of these worms is briefly as follows: The parent insect drops her eggs upon the ground, the latter part of summer. These soon hatch, and the young worms which come from them crawl into the ground

and feed upon the roots and tender shoots of herbaceous plants. When cold weather arrives they descend a few inches below the surface and there lie torpid during the winter, and renew their activity when spring returns. It is not until they have nearly completed their growth, in the month of June, that they show that habit which renders them so injurious, and has acquired for them their name, "cut worm." They then crawl from the earth, by night, and with their sharp teeth cut off the young succulent plants of maize, cabbage, beans, &c., almost as smoothly as though it were done with a knife. When daylight approaches, each worm crawls into the ground again, entering it within a few inches of the plant it has severed—the newly disturbed and a rough appearance of the dirt showing the exact spot where it has gone into the ground, and rendering it easy to uncover and destroy the worm. Having got its growth it forms a little oval cavity in the ground, within which it lies and changes to a pupa or chrysalis. In this state it has some resemblance to a long slim egg of a chestnut brown color, having several impressed rings or joints towards its pointed or tail end. From this pupa, in three or four weeks, hatches the perfect insect, which is a dark colored miller or moth.

Every observing person is aware there are several kinds of these worms, differing from each other in the color of their heads, the stripes upon their bodies, and in their habits. But unfortunately we do not yet know which particular species of moth it is which either of the kinds of these worms produces. I have repeatedly endeavored to breed the moth from these worms, by placing them in cages into which I transplanted young corn, beans, &c., and also by placing bell glasses over corn hills where worms had buried themselves. But I have never been able to succeed. The worms on finding themselves imprisoned, refuse to eat, and hurriedly crawl around and around the inner side of their prison, night after night, until they literally travel themselves to death. They are by no means such sluggish, stupid creatures as one would suppose from seeing them in the day time. By night they are as active as any other animal whose skin is stuffed and distended with food as theirs is. They are evidently able to crawl quite a distance in a single night. It is the common opinion that they are always bred in the ground near the spot where they do their mischief. But I suspect they are everywhere wandering about, nightly, in search of such tender, succulent plants as will furnish them a dainty repast, and that they thus in many instances enter our gardens and corn fields from the surrounding enclosures. They certainly, if so inclined, could travel across the largest of our arable fields in a few hours.

The following short descriptions of the different kinds of cut-worms which have fallen under my notice, and their habits, I extract from my manuscripts. All these worms, except the white one, are about an inch and a quarter in length when at rest, and an inch and a half when crawling. They all have four polished elevated dots upon each segment, on the back, and a few others which are less distinct, upon the sides, each dot bearing an exceedingly fine hair.

The Red-headed cut-worm is of a dull pale brown color, without any stripes, and may be distinguished from all the other kinds by its head, which is of a tawny red color, instead of smoky yellowish as it is in each of the following, except the last one. Common in corn-fields, cutting off the plants slightly below the surface of the ground, and thus always destroying them. On Staten and Long Islands, I am told, this species is popularly named the "Tiger worm," from its destructive habits, and that the name cut-worm is there applied only to the next species.

The Striped cut-worm is dirty whitish or pale smoky, with darker brown stripes, of which there are two along the back and three broader ones along each side; dots black, as they are in the preceding species, but not so minute. This is the most common kind in corn-fields, cutting off the plants half an inch above the ground; hence the stalk frequently shoots up again, from the middle of the stump. This occasionally occurs among beans also.—

It buries itself but slightly, and may sometimes be found with half its back exposed, even though the sun be shining clear and hot.

The Faintly-lined cut-worm is dull brown, with very faint pale longitudinal lines, and the polished dots but little darker than the general color. Found in cornfields, but more commonly in gardens among cabbages and sometimes among onions. Buries itself but slightly.

The White cut worm is smaller, being scarcely an inch long when at rest. It is dull white, with black dots and no stripes or lines except a row of very faint brownish touches along the upper part of each side. It is rare, a single individual being occasionally found among corn and beans.

The black-headed cut-worm is dull dark brown, with faint traces of pale lines, and its head deep black. This is probably what is named the "Black worm" in some neighborhoods. It is the most common kind among beans, cutting them off slightly below the surface, and drawing the severed stem into the hole where it buries itself, and there feeding upon it during the day, till the whole is devoured, or on y pieces of the wilted leaves remain, plugging up the entrance of the hole. Either the Striped or the Lined cut-worm frequently treats corn in this same way. Hence the stump may often be found without any wilted leaves lying near it.

A Corn Cultivator.

The chief work in growing a good crop of corn, after the seed is planted and the corn makes its appearance above ground, is that which keeps the ground loose and clear of weeds. Among the tools invented for this purpose we have lately had a trial of a three pronged light corn horse hoe, that does this work without a great deal of labor to either man or beast. This implement has been made by Messrs Ramsdell & Hughes of Plymouth, for the past two or three years, and is easily drawn by one horse or a pony, and may be worked by a boy, all day without killing either pony or boy with its weight. The teeth are made of wood, one in front and two behind, shod with iron plates, and as it has no wheel, in old ground it works admirably, but in sod ground it is apt to go in rather deep and the teeth tear up the sod, if it is not carefully handled. As a light corn hoe that leaves the ground between the rows loose, takes up all weeds, and works between the hills of corn thoroughly, this implement is the handiest. Two or three farmers have tried the one sent us, and admit it to be the handiest implement they have yet had in their corn. These implements are also not costly, the price being quite low.

Manureing Grass Lands.

A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer* writes on this subject as follows:

In the year 1852 I stacked twenty acres of wheat and five acres of oats near the center of ten acres of timothy and clover meadow. When I threshed this grain I hauled away my straw, made in stacks as it came from the machine, as large as two yoke of oxen could draw with a pole and chains, and left it equally distributed over the ten acres—all in perfect stacks, chaff and straw together. In the winter I turned my stock to the stacks and they ate and wallowed in it until it was level with the ground. In the spring the thickest parts of the stack bottoms were spread over the grass so as to cover the whole ten acres. Some of it was spread in June, when the grass was from six to ten inches high. It came up through the straw and grew very rank, and yielded one third more grass to the acre than the same meadow did where I did not put any straw. I raked the hay with a horse rake, and had no trouble in gathering the hay without disturbing the mulch. The second and third years the crop was double that on any other part of the field, containing forty acres. Since the above experiment I have reserved all of my coarse manures, and old stack beds, corn stalks, etc., for my grass lands, and applied it there, and find it richly repays the labor. I recommend every farmer to save every fork full of litter to spread on his grass lands; or if he has no grass lands save it, put it on corn ground, and plow it under; the result will be twenty-five per cent. clear profit.

Buckwheat and its Culture.

Buckwheat is a native of Central Asia, introduced into Europe by the Crusaders on their return from the Holy War, but cultivated in England for only about two hundred and fifty years. It was brought by the first settlers to this country, and is now a national product of some twenty millions of bushels, the greater share of which is grown and consumed in the northern section of the Union.

This plant belongs to the *Persicaria* tribe that commonly cultivated is known as the *Polygonum fagopyrum*. Among its varieties are the blue or "Canadian buckwheat," formerly very popular in eastern New York and Pennsylvania, and the "Scotch Grey," now very generally known, as far as we are acquainted. A variety called "Indian Buckwheat," (*P. tartaricum*), is grown in some sections for fattening swine, the product being very large, reaching, on rich new soils, as high as one hundred bushels per acre. The kernel is harsh, coarse and nearly ovate; the flour, ground without bolting, is of a light yellow color, and not palatable as human food. Upon analysis, though botanically far removed from the cereals, buckwheat closely approximates to them in the character and composition of its grain, and forms a valuable article of food for domestic animals and man. The straw properly cured is readily eaten by cattle, horses and sheep, and contains considerable nutritive matter.

Almost any soil will produce buckwheat, but it proves most profitable on light, warm lands of moderate fertility. It is as well adapted as any grain to low, moist lands, which dry off late in the spring and suffer from drouths in the heat of summer, when early sown grain requires most moisture. It germinates quickly, and soon throws out sufficient roots and leaves to secure a supply of moisture from the atmosphere and subsoil. This grain is often sown on ground infested with weeds, which it is desired to subdue; in this case the preparation should be thorough and the seeding ample, that the entire surface may be covered. In all cases it is best to have the ground in fine tilth, and generally to roll after harrowing in the seed. Though buckwheat will grow without manure, it feels the application as quick as any other plant, and a corresponding increase in growth is produced. Plaster and ashes exert an immediate influence and benefit on all soils.

The time of sowing is usually between the 20th of June and the 4th of July, though it may be sown earlier—as soon as danger from late frosts is to be feared no longer. Early buckwheat is liable to be blasted by the heat of "dog days"—late is equally exposed during the drouth often occurring in September, and in addition to this, early frost may cut it off ere it begins to ripen. The cultivator must suit his own convenience as to the time—remembering that some lands are more liable to injury from drought and frost than others. The amount of seed generally sown is one bushel per acre, but it is better to employ less than more, especially on the better soils—the great fault in sowing this grain is that too much seed is given.

Buckwheat will flourish where clover will not succeed, and growing very quickly (being fit to plow under in six or eight weeks,) it is often employed as a green manure for the renovation of exhausted soils. The copious foliage and easy decomposition of the stalk, together with its depth and extent of roots, and the source whence it derives the greater portion of its supplies, render a buckwheat crop peculiarly favorable to this system. Three crops may be plowed under in a single season, and will produce an effect in most cases not so cheaply attained by any other means.

Though the blossoms continually forming will produce grain as late as the season will allow, that first ripened is heaviest and most valuable. It should be cut, perhaps, as soon as the lower leaves begin to die, and with the cradle if possible. If a frost should occur and any portion of the grain be ripe, it is best to harvest at once. After cutting the swaths are raked into small bunches, and set upright with the heads twisted together—leaving each bundle to stand alone, the butts spread and resting upon the ground. Rain injures it but

little if thus treated, and it may stand for several weeks or until thoroughly cured. If from dodging or falling to the ground it cannot be cradled but must be mown, it should be closely watched and tended that it may be drawn in and threshed as soon as possible, and even then considerable loss may occur, as it shells very easily. Care in handling is always necessary, and a tight bottomed wagon-box for drawing is advisable. It is a good plan to thresh at once, but if well cured, it may remain in the barn until freezing weather, when it threshes more easily than in that which is moist or warm.

Buckwheat retains its vitality a long time in the soil, where unfavorably situated for immediate vegetation, and hence often comes in with after crops. When scattered upon the ground in harvesting, swine may be turned in to consume it, or the ground may be harrowed over lightly, which will cause it to grow and the first frost will destroy the young plants.

The great end of buckwheat culture in this country is to furnish material for pancakes, which probably form a part of the winter breakfast of a considerable part of the native population of the northern States. By itself the grain is not greatly valued for stock feeding, unless it be for poultry. Mixed with oats and ground, it forms a cheap fattening food for horses, if not laboring much of the time. Some dairymen employ it to a considerable extent in slopping milch cows, and mixed with other grain, it is excellent for fattening hogs—one bushel being equal to two of oats for either purpose.

In the published statements of the usual average product, we find twenty bushels per acre the lowest, and thirty the highest estimate. The culture is not expensive, the time occupied by the crop from sowing until maturity is only about ten weeks, and the grain is readily marketable at fair prices. It is a product, however, that will never be likely to suffer from over-production, as generally it is not much liked by those engaged in growing other grain crops, as it is difficult to eradicate it entirely from the soil to which it has once been devoted. It is also very uncertain in its product of grain, being largely influenced by the weather.—*Country Gentleman*.

Sales of Shorthorns.

Three large sales of Shorthorns have taken place in Kentucky this season. Mr. Sheffer, B. Warfield and R. A. Alexander have each in turn, afforded buyers an opportunity. A correspondent of the *Ohio Farmer* very justly observes:

"You will find that some animals sold cheap, from \$25 to \$50, while others brought as high as \$360; and it was invariably the fact that when a good animal was offered, the price was good; but inferior ones no one wanted. But I suppose it is enough to say that the average at Mr. Sheffer's sale, in a large herd of cows, heifers and calves, was about \$90; at B. Warfield's, about \$70; and at R. A. Alexander's, \$150. The reason, I think, why the average was so low, in all, was the fact that so many were offered at one time, which over supplied the market."

Marks of a good Dairy Cow.

Mr. Harley, the author of the *Harleian Dairy System*, has given the following as the most approved shape and marks of a good dairy cow:—

"Head small, long and narrow towards the muzzle; horns small, bent and placed at considerable distance from each other; eyes not large, but brisk and lively; neck slender and long, tapering towards the head, with a little loose skin below; shoulders and fore quarters light and thin; hind quarters large and broad; back straight, and joints slack and open; carcass deep in the rib, tail small and long, reaching to the heels; legs small and short, with firm joints; udder square, but a little oblong, stretching forward, thin-skinned, and capacious, but not low hung; teats or paps small, pointing outwards, and at a considerable distance from each other; milk veins capacious and prominent; skin loose, thin, and soft like a glove; hair short, soft and woolly; general figure, when in flesh, handsome and well proportioned."

Nor is fish-breeding likely to remain mere experiment in Canada. Three large lakes, Megantic, St. Francis and Louisa, have just been leased for nine years to a Mr. De Courtenay, a French gentleman, who lived long time in Italy, and was President of the Fishery Company on the Lake Maggiore. Mr. C. will bring hither some of his old Italian employees, spend several thousand dollars in erecting and managing apparatus for artificially propagating salmon in one lake, sturgeon in another, and some other fish in the third, and, when they are full grown, catch, and send them to New York, Boston, Montreal, etc., fresh, and to the West Indies, Brazil, etc., barreled.

The Garden & Orchard.

Ohio Pomological Society.

A letter was communicated from the venerable and famous N. Longworth of Cincinnati, so long a prominent grape cultivator in that place, in which the query is submitted whether or not the apple is liable to the attacks of the curculio, in consequence of being planted alternately with peaches.

The opinion of members seems to have been that this insect never attacks the apple. Dr. Warder, Mr. Bateham and others expressed the belief that the injuries observed were the work of the apple worm and not the curculio.

The report goes on to say:—"Injury to the peach crop by the curculio, was the subject of some discussion, resulting in the opinion that the evil was increasing; and that persons planting this fruit largely should consider the fact that some kinds, as the Early York, and others that have little down upon their skin, suffer more injury than the more downy and less delicate varieties, like *Crawford's Early*, *Lagrange*, *Smock Free*, *Susquehanna*, etc. Further observations are needed on this point."

That the curculio occasionally attacks the peach, appears, from this, to be true in Ohio, as it certainly is in Michigan; although not to an extent sufficient to excite much remark; and, within the sphere of the writer's observation, the apple has been even more liable to their attacks than the peach. He has occasionally seen the crops of *entire trees*, of the more thin skinned and tender apples ruined by the attacks of this pest. Wherever the fruit is punctured and an egg deposited, the resulting larva makes its way inward; and as this is done during the swelling of the fruit, it has the effect to produce a hardening of the adjoining pulp, sometimes extending nearly or quite to the core. The larva, however, seldom if ever reaches the core, and apparently never arrives at maturity. Occasionally a number of the crescent shaped punctures of this insect are made upon each fruit, and by the hardening of the adjacent pulp, while other portions continue to swell, the fruit assumes a peculiar, knobby appearance. Nine or twenty ounce apple and Lowell, with others of similar texture, appear to be most liable to such attacks.

During the discussion of plum culture and the curculio, instances were given of success by each of the usual methods, as paving beneath the trees, coating the surface of the ground with mortar, or compact gravel, the use of hydro-sulphite of lime, coal oil, or other materials causing powerful odors, flooding with water, planting the trees in a pig or poultry yard, but none of them had been found reliable.

Matthew's remedy was alluded to, and Mr. Bateham remarked that it had not been published, probably, because it had not proved worthy of publication, and that it was known that those who were made acquainted with it many years ago, do not practice it for the protection of their own fruit. The notable success of Ellwanger & Barry, of Rochester, N. Y., was said to be secured by the jarring process. A Mr. Dealer said he had discovered a successful method of getting rid of the curculio, which was to cut down all his plum trees and burn them.

The Peach Worm came in for a share of consideration, and various modes of prevention were considered; such as wrapping the trunks with stout paper, mounds of ashes, lime, coal slack, and other materials, coal tar and other odoriferous articles, but the chief reliance of the most successful cultivators was believed to be the thorough examination of the trees, and the removal of the insects.

The Apple Tree Borer was also submitted to investigation; and, as there is a great similarity between the experience of Ohio and Michigan cultivators, we take the liberty to copy the report on this subject entire.

"Mr. Bateman said the injury done by young orchards of late had been very great. He had given considerable attention to this subject, and had found that the apple tree borer of Ohio is not the insect known by this name at the east, and commonly described in the books, *Superda bivittata*, but a species of *Buprestis*, thought to be *B. divaricata*.—The larva or grub is more flattened and tadpole shaped than that of the eastern borer.—Its worst ravages are in newly planted orchards, especially in dry seasons, or where grass or growing crops prevent a healthy growth of the trees. In fact, he had rarely seen trees attacked by borers when in a healthy growing state; but sometimes a severe drouth was sufficient to induce the mischief. He had also found trees which were sun-scorched on the bark, as tall trees are apt to be in a pear or two after planting, are pretty sure to be attacked by borers. Of

course, the true remedy is in prevention—taking more pains to keep the trees in a thrifty growing condition; and to this end smaller and lower topped trees should be chosen for orchard planting.

Mr. Heaver thought this species of the borer never attacked healthy trees. Their worst ravages are commonly seen in the tall, sickly things, with *bean pole* stems, that in a year or two after planting have a decided slope to the east, occasioned by the west winds, and the bark on the southwest all sunburns, affording just the kind of nutriment these insects desire. When the people generally learn to choose low-headed trees, well furnished with lateral branches, and cultivate the soil after planting, there will be little complaint of injury by borers.

Dr. Warder had seen much of the evils resulting from planting tall headed trees, and wished to add his emphatic testimony in favor of the opposite style; not only in reference to the borer, but the general effects of climate, and the health and longevity of orchards.

Messrs. Riley, Haseltine and others fully endorsed the opinions of Dr. Warder and Mr. Heaver."

The Borer described by Mr. Bateham is, apparently, the same as that most commonly met with here, which we had supposed to be identical with that known at the east, and which was probably imported from there.—Its ravages are confined to newly planted trees, or such as lack vigor, and seldom extend more than one or two feet above the surface of the ground. There is, however, another insect, similar in habit, which infests trees in this region, to some extent, and which usually effects a lodgement in the upper portion of the trunk, or in the larger branches, choosing, usually, the most vigorous trees.—Its head is not flattened or enlarged, like the former, and it is of a much more voracious habit, always boring deeply into the wood during its first season, and frequently so weakening the branch in which its effects a lodgement as to cause it to be broken down by high winds.

Plymouth, June 25th, 1860.

T. T. LYON.

From Kalamazoo to London.

The following letter we find in the London *Cottage Gardener*, and is written by Mr. Geo. Taylor, a well known practical florist, who is now settled at Kalamazoo. The editor mentions him as one who was well known in England to many of the readers of that popular periodical:

"I find the greatest demand for Norway Spruce here, and from their habit of growth and a judicious moving of them, a good-furnished tree of four to five feet will bring a dollar; and if I have too many for my own locality they will pay to send out west. I think the Scotch Pine and Larch thrive even better here than they do at home, but they are not so well adapted for lifting in a large state as the Spruce. I sold above six hundred Scotch Pines to the new Cemetery which just lies opposite me. These Cemetery grounds consist of about twenty acres, are elevated and rolling, and command a fine view of the town. They were laid out last spring with carriage drives and ornamental plots; and in fine weather they attract a great many visitors, who frequently look in upon me, as I have an entrance opposite the main gate. I expect a good many more things will be needed for these grounds, as it was too late in the spring before there was a finish to have much planted. I also do some business with private individuals in this Cemetery. The ground is all laid off into burial lots of from six to nine yards square. These are for sale; and a person purchasing has an exclusive right to plant trees and decorate them according to his pleasure. A good many are enclosing their lots with a hedge of Privets, of which I can now furnish an ample supply at \$1.50 per hundred—about three times the price of what I sold them with you. The Austrian Pine and Silver Fir do also well, but the Holly and common Yew I find to be rather tender for our severe winters. The Mahonia stands pretty well, but I am propagating my own stock of this from offshoots and seed. The common Hawthorn has done well with me, though in some of the eastern States it has been reported a failure. I have some thought of trying a hedge as a sort of ocular demonstration. All that I have raised, I have wrought the double-flowering varieties upon, which, when seen and known, will, I have no doubt, sell readily. The Arbor Vitæ does well, and is much in quest for evergreen hedging. I could have sold thousands this last season if I had them; they grow abundantly as a native in the north of this State; but to go in quest of them, or to hire to do it, would cost more than would procure them from the trade as seedlings. I have now a considerable stock of Apple and Peach trees, which I work myself from grafting and budding. I

am getting some Quince-stocks to try the raising of Pears. They do well on our high ground here where there is a little clay, and are now being a good deal planted. This is a great place for strawberries, many thousands of quarts are sent off to Chicago and Detroit, the time of the season. One man last year grew about ten acres. I had a few last year. I should think about three-eighths of an acre, from which I gathered about 500 quarts. A part of them were the kind known as the Early Scarlet, which we commenced pulling on the 1st of June; the other sorts coming in about a week later, and the season for them lasted just one month. The average price was from ten to 12 cents per quart. I find, however, the Black Prince and Keens' Seedling will not do here. Those that are natives and acclimated seem to do best.

"Last Season with us was not favorable for many things, especially those of vegetable growth. We had both late and early frosts, and through July and August, in our neighborhood, we had hardly a drop of rain. I had very fine bloom of Roses early in the season, which were much admired and procured some orders. I flowered about 1,000 seedling Hollyhocks; a part of them were from seed I had from my brother John, but the greater part were from seed I saved from good sorts grown by myself from the stock I had from you. Paul Chater, brother John, and I, think I had the finest doubles from my native seed. I had no single or real useless among them, and I have selected a few which I have no doubt, with you, would have been making themselves known to the world for 10s. 6d. each. Their season of flowering was, however, very short, owing to the hot dry weather. Indeed, in this country this is one thing greatly against the Hollyhock.—They commence flowering in the first or second week in July, and by the middle of August there is nothing to be seen but dry, withered stalks, but plenty of fine seed. I gathered a good quantity from some of my best sorts, and have sold some here and out west. I have no doubt it would be worth something to you, or any in your line where it is better known, and new fine varieties are appreciated. If you think of having any, I think it could yet be sent in time for the sowing of this season. Mine here are greatly admired, and every one remarks that he never saw anything so fine; but yet I have sold comparatively few to what might have been expected.

"My Dahlias did not do much, owing to the dry weather, till late in the season, I had then some very fine blooms. I took the prize at our fair for the greatest and best variety, and could have taken it at Chicago for the best seedling Dahlia. The great national fair of the United States, was held at that city in September. I took a run through to see that great upstart place, and the fair which would be represented by the whole Union. I was not aware when I left, as to what prizes were to be competed for at the floral part of the exhibition. I only took in my hand a small basket with blooms of a seedling Dahlia, some Roses, and a few spikes of the *Delphinium formosum*, just as a kind of novelty, so as to get people to speak to and talk about them. I found a large collection of the different cut flowers, with a few stove and greenhouse plants of a medium description; but nothing in any way equal to what you have at home. My seedling Dahlia was quite ahead of anything of that kind that was shown; but not having been regularly entered there was no prize.

"The *Delphinium formosum* was quite an object of attraction, and collected a crowd of admirers. I took a large package of the seed in my pocket, with some seed of the Hollyhock, and sold a good deal more than paid my expenses, besides, introducing me to a large circle of new customers and acquaintances.—There was some of the most splendid fruit exhibited, and throughout all the other departments many things novel and interesting. But the city of itself was a good deal of wonder to me. It has come into existence within the last twenty-five years; in whatever aspect you look upon it, whether in its large and extending streets, its elegant stores and palace-like hotels, its shipping and immense warehouses stretching all along the river, which forms a circuitous course for several miles throughout the city—these and many other things all taken together, raise our wonder how so much could have been got up and put together in such a short space of time."

The Peach Borer.

Tobacco stems and leaves, or such refuse as is thrown out of cigar shops has been found a first rate preventive for the peach borer, and as this is the season when this insect makes its attacks, it might be well to try a layer of this article around the stems of the trees.

Effects of Drouth on Fruits.

R. Errington, in the *Cottage Gardener*, makes some notes on the effects of drouth upon fruits, and its influence upon their flavor and texture, which are worth the observation of fruit growers.

Whilst drainage is very properly advocated and its benefits admitted, at the same time, the want of moisture at the root at certain periods of the ripening and swelling of the fruit is sometimes severely felt, and to this cause may be attributed the cracking of pears which is so often the subject of complaint:

"I have known cherries, such as Bigarreau during hot and dry periods, so short of flesh and juices, that they were scarcely worth eating, and this simply through drouth at the root whilst swelling.

"Plums I have seen cracked and rusty-coated in hot summers; a mere prey to flies and such depredators, generally drouth the cause.

"Pears—I have known repeated instances where the application of water in a timely way has obviated such evils at once. Last summer I had a famous crop of *Glout Moreau* on a standard tree twelve feet high, and which I planted twenty-two years since.—These Pears, the tree having borne heavily for several years, had begun to crack, and last July and August I felt assured that it was drouth through exhaustion of the soil. I had the tree flooded, and again about the end of August, and this tree was the main stay of our dessert from the end of November until the end of February, and they were excellent. With all our kinds they were always first, after the *Marie Louise*, &c., were over; but, instead of being cracked, they had a fine flat-looking exterior of the finest texture, and they kept bravely.

"Our Apples, too, on hot or gravelly soils, are, in some seasons, pitiful. I have experienced much of this during the time I have been here, in the farm and cottage gardens which border the forest of Delamere, and which partake in no small degree of this moorland character of soil. I have seen on such trees heavy crops of would-be Apples totally unfit for market, or, indeed, for any purpose. Generally, one-half sized, lean-looking, and the skin covered with patches of that peculiar fungus which is apt to infest badly-grown Apples. I have tried their keeping properties against the same kind grown in these gardens, and no one could believe the difference without actual experience. They will not keep.

"But I may also at once advert in the lump to the effects of drouth on other fruits. Appricots suffer least. On Raspberries, Gooseberries, Currants, and Black Currants, the effect is most damaging.

"Now, it is not general drouths at any period that I mean, nor a wholesale administration of moisture. It is at certain periods, and there are two especially, as concerns our present argument, that are of more importance than any.

"Fruits taking their first swelling are not in a position to succeed with drouth, for although the mere woody parts of the tree may be rambling, it is not from these that the fruit obtains its chief resources. We all know that our Pears, in the main, bear on little spurs, and that these spurs have a very moderate expansion and exuberance of foliage as compared with the gross young shoots, which are principally employed in extending the fabric of the tree; in other words, trying to regain their native liberty as standards. It is these spur-leaves that require steady nourishment, and which suffer most by drouth, there being a heavy demand on them.

"One particular period on which I lay much stress as to a free texture, is the last swelling, when they are approaching the ripening process. This occurs principally through September, and with some kinds enters October. At this juncture, Pears lay on much flesh rapidly, or they should do, and, indeed, it is my firm persuasion that this crisis settles the fate of the Pear more than any other.—This period, too, is frequently inclined to drouth. It is of no use with Pears in full bearing minding a shower or two, we all know how deceptive they are apt to prove—hard soil wet at the surface, and the crusted soil beneath a body of dust. Now is the time for a little mulching to conduct the water, and as to heat, it will rather arrest the departure of summer ground heat than starve the soil. But one caution. I would never administer pump or well water, unless some warm be added to it. If the water given be 90 deg., it will do no harm. And in some lean and heavy-bearing cases, let me advise my friends, that a pinch of the real guano in the water will much improve it."

An amateur wants to know whether the "Music of the Spheres" has ever been arranged for the piano; and if so, where it is published.

The Fahnstock Nurseries.

Probably no more extensive nursery grounds are to be found in this western country than those of the Messrs. Fahnstock of Toledo. They have now under cultivation one hundred and seventy acres, and have employed ninety hands during the past spring. Their collection of fruit trees and shrubbery embraces every species and variety adapted to the soil and climate of the Western States, and being raised and cultivated with special reference to the localities to be supplied, must prove more sure and hardy than trees brought from foreign States with soil and climate essentially different from that at the west.—They have the reputation of keeping the cleanest of nurseries and the thriftest of trees.

Their collection of roses is most splendid, embracing perhaps as many varieties as can be seen at any other grounds in the United States. They are cultivated and propagated with great care. This year several new and choice varieties have been imported from France. There are fine assortments of Moss Roses, Tea, China, Noisette, and indeed every sort that may be heard of, together with all kinds of climbers, among which are included eighteen varieties of the Queen of the Prairie. The Fahnstocks pride themselves on their Roses, and such a plantation as theirs is something to be proud of.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

Branches Where Wanted.

A writer in the *Virginia Farm Journal* states that he has succeeded in starting branches on his pear trees wherever he wishes a limb to grow.—He says: "A careful examination will show plenty of dormant eyes, or kurls on the stock. To produce a shoot, a slit or gash is made over the eye, and into the wood, with a knife or fine saw, which, by checking the flow of sap, starts these dormant eyes into life, and in three cases out of four a branch shoots forth."

Pears on Quince Stock.

There is an impression among some fruit culturists that Pears on the quince stock are earlier in the season than the same varieties when grown as standards. A writer in the *Cottage Gardener*, who has had the same varieties growing together on both standard and quince stocks, states that there is no difference. The trees blossom and fruit at the same time on either quince or standard stocks.

Village and City Flowers.

A good adviser says "it is not the confinement or the soot or the smoke which hurts town gardens so much as the wretched scratchings called digging, and the roots of trees. Dig twenty inches deep every time, and you will never want for flowers in nine tenths of all the gardens. We know a garden that is in the very midst of smoke and flame and steam hissing, yet no plant under the same latitude but does better in it than in most gardens in the country; but forty inches is the depth of soil that the proprietor esteems necessary, and he never uses any fertilizer but strong liquid manure.

FARM NOTES.

Some Rye.

We were shown a day or two since a bunch of Rye, consisting of 152 stalks grown from one grain. Each stalk was headed out and the tallest of them were upwards of five feet. The specimen was taken from a field belonging to Luke Dunn, of Exter.—*Monroe Commercial*.

Drain Tile Machine.

E. P. H. Capron, of Yellow Springs, Ohio, writes us that he has perfected a machine that grinds the clay and moulds the tile at one and the same operation. This machine makes tile, horse shoe and pipe tile from one to twelve inches calibre, running out tile from two to eight threads on each side at the same time. The machine is worked by horse power and is of course stationary. Mr. Capron will send descriptive circulars to all who may address him.

Salt Cream for Butter Making.

A writer in the *Homestead* reports a statement made at the New Haven lectures, that by adding a tablespoonful of fine salt to a quart of cream, as the latter is skimmed from off the milk and placed in the cream pots until enough accumulates for churning, the time required for churning is reduced to two or three minutes. In a trial made by the writer, he found this to be true, and his theory is, that the salt acts upon the thin coating of the globules of butter, and so dissolves it that a slight agitation breaks it, and the butter comes at once. The experiment can easily be tried by any buttermaker.

Heavy Fleeces.

The *Hillsdale Standard* has got some big sheep in its neighborhood, and is anxious to hear of some that are a little bigger in the way of fleece at least. Hear what it says: "We saw at L. A. Bostwick & Co's store, five large fleeces of wool averaging eight pounds each: the heaviest fleece (clipped from a ewe) weighing nine pounds and fifteen ounces. This wool was taken from sheep owned by I. Vandenberg, of Camden. If any of our wool growers have a larger yield we should like to hear from them."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WOLVERTON & Co., New York.... Gifts, Gifts.
E. WARE, Stylvestre, Lyons, N. Y., Nursery.
P. M. Angus, Flushing..... Valuable Secrets.

FARM FOR SALE.—The owner of a magnificent farm of 210 acres, located in Macomb county, a few miles from Rochester, in this State, is desirous of selling it. The farm itself has a fine large dwelling, horse barns, large barn sheds, carriage house, pigery, orchard, and garden. It is all cleared but about 30 acres, which is in wood; is well fenced, and under first rate cultivation. With the farm will be sold the stock and implements, which are all in good order, and comprise cattle, sheep and horses, together with the wagons, &c. used upon such an estate. The terms will be made easy.
For further particulars apply to R. F. JOHNSTONE, Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

MICHIGAN FARMER.

R. F. JOHNSTONE, EDITOR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1860.

Editorial Miscellany

Two committees have been appointed from the Illinois Horticultural Society, and from the State Agricultural Society to call a convention to be held at Bloomington on the 26th of June, to take into consideration the subject of Agricultural education in Illinois.

Mr. Williams, the owner of Stone Plover, writes us that the horse will be at his old station at Coopers corners, near Plymouth, immediately after the 15th of July, when his season closes at Kalamazoo. To those who are desirous of knowing what this horse is, we refer them to his advertisement.

We regret to have to report the death of C. Dresser, the drover, this week. He was well known as one of the firm of Heath & Dresser, parties who carried on quite an extensive trade with the eastern cattle markets. Mr. Dresser was riding on the top of a stock car, near Decatur, on the M. C. R. R., when he was struck by the beams of a bridge under which the train was passing, and almost instantly killed.

There has been so many complaints relative to the ravages of the cut worm this season, that we give on account of this pest of the farm in one of our columns this week. But we have found the wire worm fully as destructive on some crops as the cut worm. We hope to hear from some of our correspondents on the subject.

Mr. J. S. Tibbitts of Nankin sends us a good article on the weights of his sheep and the profits of a cross of South down on Spanish Merino ewes, we wish some one could give us the result of a cross the other way, we believe the Spanish Buck on the South down ewes would be more likely to give the South down carcass, with the Merino fleece, and this is what is wanted I believe.

In answer to some inquiries sent us relative to the now celebrated Geo. M. Patchen, we publish a complete history and pedigree of this horse. It will be noticed that he possesses a very strong infusion of thorough bred stock, well and judiciously toned down by admixture with other blood. It is well to note the opinion expressed of the original imported Bashaw, which seems to have been of little worth till crossed with other stock of superior merit.

The Wool Markets.

Wool is still the subject that is uppermost in produce at present, and though there is not quite so much excitement and feeling relative to prices, yet still the market is watched with much anxiety. A very large part of the clip of the State has been sold, and we presume it is not claiming too much to say that at least three-fourths of the wool clip of this State will have passed out of the hands of the wool growers by the end of this week. Estimating the whole wool clip at 3½ millions of pounds, there has been fully 2½ millions already purchased. The prices obtained have as a general rule been satisfactory, with exceptions of those who have been obliged to take up with what they could get, and put their wool in market at an early day, before prices were established. We believe that in all cases, where the advice given by the FARMER has been followed, and the wool grower himself has shown firmness and ability to hold on, and not take the depreciated rates sought to be established by the purchasers or their agents, the prices obtained have been equal and in many cases better than those obtained last year. For several years past, we have contended very firmly for the interests of the wool growers of this State, and have thus infused a confidence into the wool growers that had been weakened, and left them the prey of the speculator. For instance, during this very season, look at the strong effort made by the eastern press, and through a large portion of the western press to infuse into the farmers the idea that wool must necessarily be from 5 to 7 cents lower than it was last season, and then examine our files, and note how persistently we have insisted that this state of

the prices was not necessary, and would be met, if the farmers themselves would have a little backbone, and not prove too shaky in the knees. The results are now before us. The prices of wool throughout the State, taken altogether, have had a wider range than last year, for they have been from 25 to 52 cents, but the average for the whole clip, we think so far, is from a cent to two cents higher.

The *Advertiser* gives the following comparative statement of prices paid at some of the principal wool markets in this State this year and last:

	1859.	1860.
Adrian.....	49c	87c
Ann Arbor.....	48c	40c
Coldwater.....	48c	40c
Dexter (average price).....	44c	40c
Flint.....	45c	38c
Grand Rapids.....	44c	44c
Hillsdale.....	45c	35c
Howell.....	40c	35c
Jonah.....	40c	40c
Jackson.....	45c	40c
Kalamazoo.....	45c	40c
Marshall.....	45c	40c
Monroe.....	45c	40c
Owasco (June 17th).....	44c	40c
Pontiac.....	45c	40c
Romeo (June 16th).....	42c	35c
Saline.....	40c	40c
Sturgis.....	44c	40c
Three Rivers.....	45c	40c
Ypsilanti.....	42c	40c

The eastern markets show no business that can affect prices at the west. The sales are few, and nearly every dealer is waiting for the new clip to be sent forward, before any purchases will be made. The European markets seem to be very firm. John L. Bowes, of Liverpool, in his late circular reporting the great spring sale of colonial wools, says:

"The wool market, by private contract, has not, during the last few weeks exhibited any important feature. Although the demand has at times been quiet, it has been sufficient to absorb at full prices the moderate arrivals of most classes of medium and coarse wools. Consumption continues large and stocks are moderate. The domestic clip, now about commencing, is looked to with some anxiety, and, on account of ungenial weather, the weight will probably be less than that of last year, while of old wool there is less than an average quantity on hand; notwithstanding this the present high range of value causes buyers to proceed with caution, but the relative position of production and consumption inclines many to the belief that in the absence of political or other extraneous disturbing causes, present prices are likely to be maintained. Good Southdown fleeces are realizing 36c to 38c for ewes, and 43c hogs. The French are buying largely, and the English in a lesser degree, of Irish fleeces, at 38c weathers, and 40c hogs.

"The London auction sales of 68,000 bales, Australia and Cape wool which commenced on the 3d ult., at a reduction of 1d. 1/4d. per pound on March sales, progressed with animation, and terminated on the 1st instant, after having entirely recovered this decline. The advance on Liverpool April sale is 2d. per pound on washed wools, and in some cases it exceeds this. The continental buyers, chiefly for France, operated with great activity and purchased 2,500 bales, which included the choicest flocks. The large proportion taken by the French is partly attributed to the fact that, while they can now import wool duty free, they at present receive from their Government a drawback of about 10 per cent. on manufactured goods when exported, and this bonus will be allowed in decreasing amounts until October."

Some Wool Items.

Wm. N. Chamberlain, of Plattsburg, Ohio, states that his Spanish Merino buck gave a fleece this year that weighed fourteen and a half pounds, and his whole flock of forty one fleeces, well washed and sheared, one week after washing, averaged six and three quarter pounds each.

The people of Hudson, Summit county, O., are endeavoring to get up a wool fair. The subscription is one dollar, and three hundred subscribers are required.

Mr. Dewey of Cambridge, Lenawee county, exhibited in the streets of Tecumseh, a fleece from a Spanish Merino Buck, that weighed twenty-two and a half pounds; and Mr. B. J. Bidwell, whose spirit in aiding the farming interests of that section is well known, has fleeces from yearlings that weigh fifteen pounds each. We should like to know if they are all well washed and of 12 months growth. Several of the clips sold in Tecumseh are valued at \$500 to \$800. So says the Tecumseh *Chieftain*, and every one knows that "Metamora never lies."

The London correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* states:—The great storm on Monday last did much damage among the fruit trees throughout the country, and very materially diminished, we fear, the fine crop of fruit which we were promised. The very fine oaks and elms which ornamented the parks and country residences have been prostrated by thousands; one estate in Lincolnshire, with which we are well acquainted, has had two thousand trees destroyed. But it is at sea where the gale has been most terrific.

Congress.

The first session of the 36th Congress has come very quietly to an end. The noise and confusion made at Baltimore diverted all attention from it, and almost obscured it from public view. The reports of the closing scenes of this session of Congress universally admit that the occasion was disgraced by none of those scenes which generally accompany the dissolution. The homestead bill which had been squeezed through both Houses after a pretty hard siege, has been vetoed by President. The post office deficiency bill was passed, so that no interruptions to the routine of the Post Office Department will be felt this year. The House also passed the bill authorizing a loan of twenty millions of dollars, which is to be added to the funded debt of the government. This loan, in reality, does not make any new debt, as the stock will be used to take up the treasury notes which have been issued, but it shows that the administration have increased the debt of the country by so much, without providing the means to repay it. The tariff bill was laid on the shelf, the two Houses could not agree on that subject. The pay of officers of the Navy has been advanced so as to add half a million more to the ordinary expenses of the government.

With his signature to the civil appropriation bill, the President sent in a protest against a clause which interferes with the constitutional right of the President over Capt. Meigs as an officer of the Army. In this the President is manifestly right. The House undertook to appoint Capt. Meigs Superintendent of Washington Aqueduct. Such an appointment to an officer of the Army is not legal, and is what the President claims an infringement on his constitutional rights. When Congress opened there was a very loud cry about reform in the franking privilege; we said then that it would amount to nothing, and the result has confirmed very fully the opinion then expressed. Members of Congress, with the interests of party and of candidates at stake, were not going to cut themselves off from the means of communication with their constituents and friends during a Presidential election, and they did not. The bill got buried at an early day under a mass of amendments and rules, that would have sunk a man-of-war.

The Great Eastern.

The mighty Leviathan of Naval architecture has arrived at New York. She sailed from Southampton on the 17th and arrived at New York on the 27th, making the trip which is estimated at 3,190, at the rate of over 300 miles per day. The log shows that she made from 254 to 333 miles. She steamed the whole distance, not using her sails. Her rate per hour was 14½ knots or about 16 miles. She had good weather and brought over some forty passengers and visitors, amongst whom was George Wilkes, editor of Wilkes' *Spirit*.

Political Fire Crackers.

Prentice says, we hardly know, from the sounds emitted by the Republican organs, whether they are happy or miserable over Lincoln's nomination and Seward's defeat. They are like the boy who got his mouth puckered by a green persimmon and couldn't make his companions understand whether he was crying or whistling. If you are crying, said one of them, you do it tolerably well; if you are whistling, it's a decided failure.

If South Carolina gets up another disunion Convention, she had better let it meet and sit up on a big raft or some other sort of water craft off her harbor. That will be sea-session enough for her, we should think.

Prentice seemed to be in a happy humor of guessing when he wrote the following, last week: We expect that the Democratic National Convention will be reunited, if at all, as the hunter's split dog was—two legs up and two down.

VARIETIES.

Why is an incipient grin, in a vinegary countenance, like a bottle of opodeldoo? Because it is a softening liniment!

The terms fugitive, as applied to the poetry which fills the corners of newspapers, is not a bad one. Such poetry is generally of the common run.—*Emerson*.

Four boys were poisoned near Fort Wayne, Ind., on the 5th instant, by eating the roots of wild parsnips. Boys should be careful—we have known of two or three that were killed by wild oats.

In several counties of Virginia the forest trees are dying without any apparent cause. This extraordinary blight is the common topic among the citizens of the counties where it prevails. It results, probably, from an overdose of bark.

Thormaby, the winner of the Derby, is entered for the Goodwood Cup. The weight he is to carry is eight stone, or 112 pounds. Umpire is also entered, and the weight placed on him is but 5 stone 7 lbs., or 91 pounds. Starke is entered and carries, as a five year old, 119 pounds.

Planet, Congaree and Daniel Boone, three of the great racers of Virginia and Kentucky, are to run a great four mile race on the Fashion course New York, in September next.

Political Events of the Week.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.

The action of the democratic party at Baltimore is still the subject of exciting discussion. When we went to press last week, the committee on credentials was about to make their report. There were of course two reports, but the convention substantially adopted that of the majority, deciding upon each case as it was presented. The decision followed the general principle which we pointed out last week as the only one that could be with justice, and a number of the newly elected delegates were admitted. The whole new delegation from Louisiana, with the celebrated Pierre Soule at its head, was admitted. No sooner had this action taken place than Caleb Cushing, the President of the convention, resigned his place to Mr. Tod of Ohio, and the delegates in whole or in part from a number of the States withdrew. This withdrawal was not confined to Southern States, for delegates from Massachusetts and some other States north of Mason & Dixon's line took part in it. After the withdrawal, which took place on Friday, the convention went straight forward with its business.

On Saturday the first ballot was taken, about noon, and the result showed that there were 212 voters, of whom Douglas got 173, Guthrie 9, Dickinson 4, Breckenridge 7, and the remainder were either blank, or for individuals not recognized as candidates. The second gave Douglas 181½, Guthrie 6½, Breckenridge 7½, and the rest of the vote scattering. The States of Delaware, South Carolina, Florida, Mississippi, California and Oregon were not represented. Georgia had delegates present but they did not vote. A resolution was then presented to the convention, declaring Stephen A. Douglas the unanimous choice of the convention, having been nominated in accordance with the usage of the democratic party, which was adopted by acclamation. Benjamin Fitzpatrick of Alabama was then nominated as candidate for Vice President without opposition. The convention after transacting some minor business then adjourned. Many of the delegates immediately after the adjournment hastened to Washington, where a meeting was held, which waited on Mr. Douglas at his house and announced to him his nomination. To this Mr. Douglas responded in a brief speech claiming that he was the representative of the only party who could save the Union, as he was intermediate between the extreme proslavery men on the one hand and the fanatical abolitionists on the other. He "trusted that the secessionists would perceive that secession from the democratic party was secession from the Union, and that they would return to the organization and the platform of the party before it was too late to save the country. He believed it was the mission of the democratic party to save the Constitution and the Union, under divine Providence, from the assaults of northern abolitionists."

THE OTHER NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

On Saturday at noon the seceders from the democratic convention at Baltimore met in convention and elected Mr. Caleb Cushing of Massachusetts, who had presided over the convention at Charleston, and at Baltimore until the secession took place, as the President. On a call of the roll, it was found that the following States were represented: Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Iowa, Maine, California, and Oregon, in all 21. The convention after having settled all questions as to credentials, adopted the series of resolutions known as those presented by the majority of the Charleston committee. The next meeting of the National Democratic Convention was appointed to be held at Philadelphia. The convention then proceeded to the nomination of candidate for President and Vice President, and at the first ballot John C. Breckenridge, the present Vice President, was nominated. Senator Lane of Oregon was nominated for Vice President. This convention likewise adjourned.

Messrs. Breckenridge and Lane have each accepted the nominations given them.

THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

The great biennial meeting of the strong men of the Democratic party was held on Thursday last, to nominate the candidates which should be presented to the people of the State for State officers. The convention selected the Hon. Chauncey Jolin of Ypsilanti as its president, who performed the duties of the chair with a happy *bonhomie* that gave universal satisfaction. The convention was fully attended, and was in every way such a delegation as did honor to the choice of the party. The proceedings were characterized with great heartiness and unanimity. The leading candidates presented for the office of Governor were John S. Barry of St. Joseph, G. W. Peck of Ingham, and Abner Pratt of Calhoun. A letter was read from Mr. Barry, in which he declined and peremptorily withdrew his name from the canvass. But a large number of the delegates were elderly men who had either served in the Legislature while Mr. Barry was Governor, or who recollected his administration with favor, and they insisted on his nomination with firmness at the present time. The younger portion of the convention was in favor of G. W. Peck. A single informal ballot was taken, in which Mr. Barry had a majority over all, and he was at once nominated by acclamation.

For Lieutenant Governor, W. M. Fenton of Genesee was nominated, but Mr. Fenton at first positively declined, and the nomination of Henry Pennoyer of Ottawa was strongly pressed. Both these gentlemen were members of the convention. But the same influence that led to the nomination of John S. Barry, gave the nomination to Mr. Fenton, in spite of his personal withdrawal of the name, and almost an absolute declination to serve. There were several other names mentioned, but beyond their local vote, they were not pressed on the attention of the convention.

For Treasurer, Hon. Elon Farnsworth, common-

ly known as Chancellor Farnsworth, of Detroit, was nominated. This is conceded to be an eminently strong and good nomination for this office, and one difficult to excel for merit.

The ticket consists of the following nominations:
For Governor—John S. Barry of St. Joseph.
For Lieut. Governor—W. M. Fenton of Genesee.
For Treasurer—Elon Farnsworth of Wayne.
For Commissioner of Land Office—S. L. Smith of Houghton.

For Auditor General—Henry S. Pennoyer of Ottawa.

For Attorney General—Chauncey Jolin of Washtenaw.

For Secretary of State—Wm. Francis of Allegan.

For Superintendent of Public Instruction—F. W. Shearman of Calhoun.

For Member of Board of Education—John C. Lyon of Lenawee.

For Electors: At large—C. E. Stuart of Kalamazoo; G. W. Peck of Lansing.

1st District—Augustus Wideman of Ann Arbor.

2d District—Stephen G. Clark of Monroe.

3d District—Peter G. Hodepnyl of Kent.

4th District—A. S. Robertson of Macomb.

Towards the close of the convention, and after the adoption of the resolutions, which were reported by Mr. Chipman of Detroit, a resolution was introduced by one of the members endorsing the foreign and domestic policy of the President. The chairman very wisely exhibited a strong desire that this resolution should be laid on the table, as he foresaw that if the question was put on it the convention could not endorse it; whilst at the same time, it placed many of the members in a very disagreeable position. The more impulsive of the members, however, insisted upon the yeas and nays, when the resolution was sustained by only six members, all the others not voting, or voting in the negative. Some opposition was shown to the nomination of Mr. Elwood as chairman of the central committee, but it was conceded that as an active, reliable working politician, the position could not be better filled; so he was re-elected.

Taken altogether the action of the convention was harmonious and full of animation, courage and hope; and it has put in nomination a ticket that its opponents will do well not to underrate, as it will undoubtedly call out all the slumbering energies of that great party whose dominant action has so long controlled the destinies of the Union.

POLITICAL SUMMARY.

There are now four tickets in the field connected with the Presidency, and two of these tickets have been nominated within the past week: we give them as they have been nominated.

1. There is what is known as the strict Conservative party, which was represented in 1856 by the Fillmore ticket. The candidates are JOHN BELL of Tennessee and EDWARD EVERETT of Massachusetts. This party at its convention adopted no rule of action in the shape of a platform. The adoption of the Constitution as its political guide is only what each citizen of the United States adopts to the best of his understanding of it.

2. The Republican party has for its nominees ABRAHAM LINCOLN of Illinois and HANNIBAL HAMLIN of Maine. Its platform is distinctly opposed to the extension of slavery where it does not now exist by State law, and advocates a more distinct policy for the protection of home industry than is at present the policy of the government.

3. The regular national Democratic party has adopted STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS of Illinois, and HERSCHELL V. JOHNSON of Georgia, as its candidates. Its platform assumes that non intervention in the affairs of the Territories, with regard to slavery, is the principle that should be carried out.

4. The irregular national Democratic party has nominated JOHN C. BRECKENRIDGE of Kentucky, and JOSEPH LANE of Oregon, as its candidates. Its platform asserts that the Constitution grants to Congress full power to protect slavery in all Territories and States, or wherever the necessities of the slaveholder may lead him to take his slaves.

The excitement occasioned by the nomination of the two first named has mostly subsided. That occasioned by the action at Baltimore may be said to have hardly begun, and has already given rise to all sorts of speculations and questions. It is yet too soon to arrive at any just conclusions; but it cannot be denied that a split has been opened in the great democratic party that does not seem at all likely to be healed, unless some great event should transpire for which no calculation can be made. We pointed out more than a month ago, that preparations were being made to defeat Mr. Douglas, by his opponents, which would be unmasked until the convention met at Baltimore. The whole proceedings of the convention of seceders show that their plans were all laid, and when they found the contingency had arisen which they had foreseen, they promptly carried out the programme. The nomination of Mr. Breckenridge has been not only a surprise, but is looked upon as a disaster the result of which it is in vain to attempt to calculate. There are, however, a few prevalent opinions abroad that may be summed up as follow: 1. The administration will lead the whole weight of its influence to the Breckenridge party. 2. It is assumed by the Breckenridge men, of whom we find there are a few in this State, that their ticket will carry every Southern State. 3. The friends of the regular ticket, on the contrary, assume that at the most such a ticket, got up as it evidently is by the fire-eaters, will not control the votes in more than two or three States, such as Mississippi, Florida, and South Carolina; while at the north Illinois, New York and Pennsylvania are looked upon as sure to make up for the defection. 4. It is assumed by another class, that the split in the Southern States will allow the Bell and Everett ticket full swing in Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Virginia, North Carolina and Louisiana; so that there are chances open for that ticket that are not at all despicable. 5. Each of the above three parties claim that their chances are all good if the election of President should not be made by the people, but should have to be made by Congress. 6. There are again speculations based on the supposition that Breckenridge will carry all the States south of Mason and Dixon's line, and that Lincoln will sweep every State north of that line; and those who differ from this view are asked to point out the State that Lincoln cannot carry if Douglas and Breckenridge are both to be supported in them. We state the positions as a part of the political news of the week.

The Household.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness."—PROVERBS.

EDITED BY MRS. L. B. ADAMS.

THE RIVER OF DEATH.

There's many a holy and rapturous strain
Floating over the river of death,
To the weary who wait, like the ripened grain,
For the touch of the Reaper's breath.
There are flashes of light on each lifted wave,
As it glides from the farther shore,
To the shadowy border our tear-drops leave,
In the hush of the water's roar.
They are harp strings, stirred by the perfumed air,
And gushing with melody sweet.
Like the whispered notes of a child at prayer,
In the hush of the twilight deep.
They hear the low music so solemn and grand,
And heed not the eddying tide,
For they catch a gleam of the forms that stand,
By the stream on the other side.

And we see a light on the calm white brow,
Like the glow of the crimson morn;
But we see not the lips or the lids of snow,
All the night we deem so long!
And we only know when we hear no more,
As we watch for the passing breath,
That an angel is swiftly bearing them down
The banks of the River of Death—
Only know that their footsteps are pressing the sands
Of the shore that their brightness leaves;
And over their bosoms fresh garlands we lay,
And a lily we twine in their hair—
Fits emblem of beauty, now blighted they say,
Those garlands and lily buds are.

I call it not blighted—I deem them not dead
Who thus pass away in their bloom;
For they rest in their beauty where tears are not shed
O'er the darkness and blight of the tomb.
And oft, as I sit at the casement alone,
I list, if perchance I may hear,
Through the stately pines as they sway and moan,
Like a child at the shrouded bier,
The flutter of sails and the rushing of waves,
And the flash of a glided oar,
As the Reaper starts from his emerald eaves
To carry me down to the shore;
And I wait for the swoop of an angel wing,
And the clasp of an angel hand,
For the sound of a harp and the chant of a hymn,
And the light of the glory land.

But alas! I listen and wait in vain;
Yet I know that my weary feet
Shall wander ere long from the valley of pain
To the river so solemn and sweet.
I shall go with the Reaper, changeless and pale,
And each woe that my heart has known,
Each agonized cry, each desolate wail,
Each fearful and piteous moan,
Shall be washed away by the murmurous waves,
From my spirit so joyous and free,
When I see the smile of the lovely who wait
On the beautiful shore for me.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING.

Being obliged to be absent from our post so much this summer, may put our Household a little in disarray at times; still the interests of the members thereof shall be attended to with all the care and promptness possible. Will not some of the good housewives who have experience in such things give us a little help in the cooking department? A correspondent says that more instruction in such matters would be acceptable, and of this we are aware, but our attention for the present must of necessity be wholly given to other matters, so that unless housekeepers will communicate their knowledge for each others' benefit, the only alternative will be to neglect this branch entirely, or else set the cook book before the printers and let them select such receipts as tell you how to take a small quantity of this, and a little more of that, mixed with a little less of the other, flavored with a tincture of logwood and bad whisky (alias brandy) spiced to your taste and baked in a moderately hot oven. Receipts of this kind are about as useful in a farmer's kitchen as a fashionable French dressing maid would be. If we are to have something to eat let it be wholesome food, otherwise it is better to fast.

Three farmers' wives wish to know the simplest, most effectual method of canning fruit. One of them put up a quantity of cherries last year, following as exactly as possible the printed directions, and lost them all. They neither fermented nor became mouldy, but simply "died out," as she says, and were good for nothing. Can any one who has been successful tell her the cause of her failure, and also give such directions as will insure success upon another trial?

What is a better dish for dinner than a good pot-pie? To our taste, nothing—emphatically, nothing. Some people think that if they boil a hen in a quantity of water with a few lemons of dough dropped in just before taking it up, they have a potpie. Faugh! Cut open one of the dough balls swimming around in the greasy water and you will find it as blue as lead and just about as heavy, and as easily digested. A genuine good potpie is quite another thing. Let us tell you how one was made on which we feasted not many days ago. But first, let it be premised that the maker thereof is one of the legion who will rise up to disprove the unjust judgment of our luckless "Bachelor." She is the daughter of a farmer and the young wife of just such a "plain, sensible, hard working

young man" whom Bachelor describes as having "his fortune to make and his farm to carry on." Could he have seen her as we did he would have hesitated some time before saying it was "downright insanity" in George to marry her. Away in the woods, on a wet farm, with not a neighbor in sight, there she was, happy as a queen, getting dinner for George and the hired men all alone, yet as ready to extend her table for the accommodation of a wagon load of hungry visitors as if she had troops of servants at her command. How busy and yet how quiet and self-possessed she was, hurrying here and there, but not in over haste, in her earnest, housewifely way, glancing now and then out of the window in the direction where somebody was digging post holes for the new fence, yet ever attentive with pleasant words for her unexpected guests, and not neglectful of the pot-pie sending up its savory steam from the kitchen stove! Yes; she went on cheerily with all these homely duties, as if quite unconscious that she had any other accomplishments than those pertaining to getting dinner and washing the dishes, yet we dare say the pretty melodeon standing against the bare studding of her unplastered parlor wall, and the music books on the little work stand beside it could have told the other side of the story had occasion required.

Well, the pot-pie; Yes, we are coming to it, only it was so very pleasant to sit and watch the little woman at her work that we love to linger in telling of it, and think how Bachelor would have envied George had he been there to see!

The why and the how of that pot-pie was this. An unlucky biddy, not having the interests of her master at heart or the fear of a new picket fence before her eyes, lost her head in consequence of predacious trespass on forbidden grounds. She was dressed, or rather undressed, disjointed and put to boiling early in the morning. About nine o'clock, so the little housekeeper said, the crust or dough for the pot-pie was made by mixing flour with buttermilk, as you would for biscuit, adding a little shortening, and one egg. This was moulded or kneaded quite stiff, and then left till about half an hour before the dinner was to be served. By this time it had become light, and was somewhat softer than when first mixed. Now a pint or so of cold water was poured into the kettle where biddy was boiling, by this time "as tender as a chicken," then the dough was broken off, not rolled out and cut into squares as is the manner of some, but broken off in pieces about the size of an ordinary biscuit and dropped in while the water was yet cool, which gave it time to rise as light as possible before the water came to the boiling point again. Then of course it was kept boiling steadily till done, and there was no "falling" about it. Seasoned with butter, pepper and "salt to the taste," what a delicious dish it was! light, puffy, rich and wholesome, and having not the slightest relationship to the sloppy stuff with its leaden-blue balls, heavy with indigestion and dyspepsia, we sometimes see sailing under the name of pot-pie. The very appearance of such a mess upon the table is enough to excite the horror and disgust of every well educated, conscientious stomach, while a dish like that we have described would tempt the most fastidious epicure and commend itself to the daintiest and most delicate digestion. Long may that cheery young wife live to be her husband's true help-meet, the light of his wildwood home, and the maker of all his potpies!

A new version of the old stanza, beginning, "Thirty days hath September," &c. came to our ears the other day. Near us in the cars sat a sprucely dressed German Jew engaged in conversation with a lady. The question arose as to how many days there were in this month of June.

"There are thirty," said the lady.

"No, no," replied the Jew earnestly, "you see I have learned so much."

Thirty days hath September,
April February and December,
All the rest have twenty-nine
Except just February alone!

So you see I have learned; twenty-nine in all and no more!

Of course June went at twenty-nine.

Episcopus asks us if a "pious look" is the same thing as a "Holy See?"

Why is a devotee of whist and such games, like a box of sardines? Because he's full of sweet Hoyle.

The youth who compared his Betsy to a look—because she was something to a door—slipped off the handle, and was obliged to bolt.

When distance lends enchantment to the view, what amount of interest does it charge the view for the accommodation?

That historical individual who was never in a railroad car in his life and was never a hundred miles away from home, turns up this week in North Blackstone, Mass., where he has attended the same grist mill for seventy years, and is still engaged in it. He is now eighty-four years old, and has nearly reached that age when the music of the grinders don't amount to much.

From the Country.

Fairfield is one of the finest farming townships I have yet visited in this county of Lenawee. Much of the land is well adapted to grazing, though wheat and corn are also extensively raised. There is promise of an early wheat harvest and a most abundant yield. In every direction the broad fields are spread, brim full to the tops of the fences, and so heavy, so close together and so even are the bending heads of grain that you might almost be tempted to try a walk over them, across lots, instead of going by the dusty roads around. The farmers here have headed the weevil by having their wheat in a condition to come forward and ripen the berry before the little insect is matured enough to damage it.

In all my travels this way I have seen but one field of rye and one of barley. Oats are very short, heading out near the ground, and in some instances turning yellow without heading, in consequence of the intense heat and drought of the past three weeks. Corn has not suffered materially except on one or two clay farms I noticed, where it was too hard and dry to work. On all others, boys and men, hoes and cultivators were busy stirring the soil and keeping it fresh about the growing plants. This hot weather, with steady work, has been death on the weeds, and the broad cornfields are like garden beds for cleanliness and mellow cultivation. A great deal of clover has been cut and secured during the week. This crop comes in pretty well, but grass looks light and thin everywhere, in consequence of the long drouth.

A great many fine cattle are raised and fattened both for home and for the eastern market in this township. Among those most extensively engaged in this business are the Messrs. Baker, of Baker's Corners. I much regret that I had not an opportunity to visit their farms, so that I might be able to give some more definite and interesting particulars than could be gathered from what I casually heard and saw. A pair of fat oxen belonging to them, and said to be between five and six years old, were driven to the Corners and weighed while I was there. Their united weight was 3,900 pounds. They were animals worth seeing, real monsters of flesh and fat, yet active, thrifty looking, and as sleek as moles. I was told that the same gentlemen own a pair of four year olds, known as "the big red steers," which weigh together 4,000 pounds.

There are several quite extensive dairy farms in Fairfield. At two of these farms I made short calls. At Mr. L. B. Russell's twenty-four cows are milked. Mrs. Russell showed me into her cheese house, where a large number of cheeses were in process of curing, many of them weighing seventy pounds or upwards. The market for this produce is at Adrian where the average price received is nine cents per pound. Mrs. Russell remarked that the profits of this business are such that many other farmers in that part of the county talk of going into it soon. She also promised to give through the FARMER some of her personal experience and its results in this branch of housewifery. This is what we want, for, after all, the rules laid down in books are only a sort of general guide, and not of half the value to a beginner in the business that the observations of a practical dairywoman of our own State would be. It is the local, home experience that is of the most real use in this as well as in other departments of domestic labor. The failures also are often quite as instructive as the successes, in cheese making as in other things; so whether of failure or success I hope Mrs. R. will write, giving us the causes of both as taught by her experience.

Thus far where I have been the farms generally are characterized by a neatness of appearance and arrangement which at once prepossesses you in favor of their owners. Few indeed, and far between, are the signs of slovenly farming, such as fences down, cornfields weedy, pigs in the dooryard and old clothes in the windows. I do remember one such, but he lived in an adjoining town, and is one of the class fast disappearing from among the tillers of the soil, who do not believe in agricultural papers, will not have them in their houses, but trudge on in grandfather's footsteps, fencing their corn and wheat fields after the good old boy-and-dog system, stoning the pigs from under hingeless gates a dozen times a day, and glazing their parlor and kitchen windows with their cast-off hats and clothing. Once in a great while such a one may be found, but taking what I have seen of this county as a sample of the whole, they will soon be as rare as June bugs in January, if they are not already. If Barnum wants one for his museum, he will have to hurry and catch him before the race is extinct; for, judging from the sturdy, bright-eyed, intelligent looking boys of Lenawee there will not be many such among the next generation of farmers in that county.

Again and again as I made my brief calls

at those pleasant homes full of solid, farmer-like comfort, did I wish that bitter-tongued Bachelor might be placed where he could see without the privilege of enjoying such happiness as falls to the lot of the fathers, brothers and husbands of the wives, sisters and daughters he has so recklessly slandered. One need not stay in a house a week to find out whether those who keep it, the mothers and daughters, "are good for nothing for business, extravagant, vain, fashionable, with no substantial education, but one that will make them discontented and ashamed of their business." I saw a great many girls who, so far from being afraid of a "washtub, mop, or soap kettle," were actually into the first up their elbows, and the color of the clothes and the floor showed that they were familiar with the use and quality of the second and third. They were the educated daughters of the wealthy farmers, too, most of them, and could preside at the piano in the parlor or the press in the cheese room with equal grace and effect. No doubt there are many "foolish virgins" living yet, but I judge from Bachelor's letter that most of them have congregated in his neighborhood.

To the kind friends who have rendered me so much service, and so many pleasant attentions, putting themselves out of the way in this busy season of the year to do so, I return most grateful thanks. Their names I need not mention; they would fill a column by themselves.

Of my last stopping place, the little city of Morenci and its vicinity, I may have something to say in another chapter.

The Way a Husband was Subdued.

BY SLOW JAMIE.

As an offset to all Mr. Stunner has said, allow me to tell a short story, about the truth of which none of my fair readers need cherish any doubts, for I saw it with my own eyes.

George McGlade was the most self-willed member of a hot headed family. What he pleased he would do, and nothing else. If his father should tell him to attend to any business, even though he might be going right at it, yet, for the sake of being contrary, he would refuse and go off in another direction. It was even rumored that he would swear at his mother, but this is a hard charge, and I would be sorry to endorse it without clear proof.

What was people's astonishment when it was known beyond a doubt, that the reckless youth had wooed and won, Margaret Sloane, the most sedate of Pennsylvania's daughters. A quiet smile was the heartiest laugh she ever took, and a slight color in her fair pale cheek alone betrayed her strongest passion. Phrenologists, however, said that she had a great deal of firmness and self esteem, and that her inward feeling was intense. But phrenology is all nonsense, and my readers want to hear no more of it. Old maids chuckled, and young ones opened their eyes at the news. And even experienced matrons shook their heads and expressed a fear that poor Margaret had married sorrow, when she married young McGlade.

They were all mistaken. From that day George was an altered man. How she tamed the wild colt, the following incident will show:

When their first churning was gathered, and that was before honey moon was over, she filled the churn, set the dasher in it, and rolling it out of the buttery, set it between George and the door. Now whatever his faults might be, George was a ready handed fellow. So he took hold of the dasher, brought the butter and then went out to his work. This occurred from time to time, from week to week, and from month to month. He had no objections to churning, but he began to think that it was too bad to do it all the time, and get no thanks for it. At least she ought to ask him to do it. One dozen of times, as he saw the churn set out in silence, he resolved to walk out and leave it, but as often his courage failed. At last one morning everything went wrong in the barn yard, and when George was angry about one thing, he was out of humor with everything.

When the churn was placed out as usual, he went right straight from the breakfast table to his hat, and from his hat to the door. He expected to hear the door open after him, and to be hailed to come back and churn, but his wife had a different way of doing things from his mother. All that live-long forenoon, and a weary one it was, he pursued his employment. Noon came at last, as come it will, and our hero was nerved up to fight his battle manfully, although he was by no means satisfied that he was in the right. Mrs. Caudle's hardest curtain lecture was but a mild admonition compared with the tirade he was prepared to pour forth.

He opened the door, he looked in, and then

entered, but, instead of being met with a dark frown, and a bitter taunt, as he expected, the same quiet air and mild dignity reigned there as ever. Dinner was ready, and everything as customary in the nicest style. In the same pleasant way she inquired if the meat were done to his taste; and whether the vegetables were sufficiently tender. Nevertheless there stood the old churn where it was left in the morning. There was no use in contending against fate; George swallowed his dinner, got up and went to the churn.

Margaret washed the dishes and went into the parlor to her sewing. Dish-a-dash, dash-a-splash went the churn for half an hour, but no butter. * * * Dash-a-dash, dash-a-dash for another half hour, still it was the same story. George concluded that it made cream hard to churn, to be let stand so long in the kitchen, so he renewed his labor at the dasher till first his face, and then his shirt was moistened with perspiration. At last Margaret came to the kitchen door, to inquire what he was churning at that buttermilk so long for? George took a good, hearty laugh, which in men, like a flood of tears in women, is a sign that they are subdued. He found that in his absence she had brought the butter, and left the milk for him to exercise on as lazy slaves are set to the useless labor of turning the tread-mill. From that day he never demurred to churn the cream, or any thing else he was required to do. And when a few months afterwards, their modest dwelling was gladdened with the light of a little stranger's countenance, Margaret never requested him, either to rock the cradle by day, or to get up and light a candle by night, but, unlike our decent friend of Stunnersville, he performed these little duties unbidden.

Caution. Let none of my young lady readers marry a George McGlade unless she is conscious of Margaret Sloane's talents. Because the eagle carried off the lamb, the crow need not attack the bell-weather.

Life in Italy.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe writing from Naples gives the following graphic description of life in that quarter of the old world:

"Every moment some new picture passes—now a donkey with great baskets bigger than himself slung on either side, all waving with the green feathery tops of carrots, and a boy behind steering him by the tail, and making unimaginable noises to urge him on—now another donkey loaded with the refuse manure of the streets—now a flock of goats being driven on their winding way to go from house to house to be milked at the door, and thus furnish undeniably an unadulterated article. There were rows of little booths along the shore for the selling of fish and other marine commodities, with the names of their owners up over them. On the other hand were booths for fruits or lemonade, arranged like a shrine, with an image of the Madonna and child wreathed with the golden blossoms which are so plenty at this time of the year. It was ten o'clock in the morning, yet we saw everywhere men lying sleepily round in the sun, or sitting in groups, or leaning against walls. One group of large, healthy-looking women struck us particularly—seated flat on the dirty pavement, right in the way of passing foot passengers, they seemed to be enjoying the sunshine, and were gossiping with the most innocent contentment.

"All family life in Italy is out of doors—it is all that keeps the breath of life in people—for the family room is absolutely without a window or any means of light or air but the door, and therefore in pleasant weather the good-wives proceed with all their family arrangements in the street with most amiable simplicity. Here a woman sits with the tangled head of a child in her lap, hunting for unmentionable game. There an old man is submitting tranquilly to the same operation at the hands of his little daughter, who exhibits no small sense of her own importance in this walk of filial duty. Here a woman with a comb is busy on the subject head of another woman, while swarms of ragged children tumble and roll contentedly in the dirt at their feet—all chatter with faces brimful of contentment.

"Now we see a woman bearing on her head a bundle of Neapolitan clover, with its long heads of rich crimson blossoms and fragrant leaves; and anon another carries a similar burden of a sort of purple-blossomed vetch, whose graceful tendrils and delicate leaves dance and nod as she moves. Now goes by a meek little donkey, with two great ragged fellows cosily flapping their rags up and down on his back, looking more fit to carry him than he ther. These poor little donkeys have such pretty patient faces, and look so innocently resigned to contempt and blows and contumely, that one's heart aches

for them. The boys that guide them keep up a constant regular tattoo of blows, varied by ingenious twists of the tail, and in just the same proportions whether the creature goes fast or slow. The donkey accepts the abuse as a matter of course—a part of its daily bread, and never inquires why it was born a donkey, but goes on meekly as before.

"Now rushes by a rude, one-horse omnibus—one lean horse dragging a rough heavy cart, with seventeen or eighteen jolly ragged fellows, and a relay of children sprinkled in between. Like the negro slaves of plantations, these lazzaroni of Naples seem pertinaciously gregarious. You can never get one without a dozen idle appendages. They swarm over every carriage, when the driver will let them, with not the smallest thought either of the ability of the horses to draw them, or the convenience of those who ride. The coachmen generally have some half a dozen cronies, to whom they willingly give a chance of a lift.—We have seen a ragged urchin asleep on the back of a carriage, where he hung like a worm. Like slaves, they are cruel to animals, not from malice or ferocity, but from sheer idle inconsiderateness. Nobody considers them, why should they consider anybody? They overload and beat horses in the most shocking way."

Mr. and Mrs. Jones, or Paying Bills.

BY MARTHA H. BUTT.

"Can't think of such a thing! What, pay that large bill these hard times? Wife, you are entirely too extravagant; it must be stopped at once, or else I shall be compelled to fail," said Edward Jones to his pert little wife, as she held before him a bill of \$60. Her eyes beamed with mischief, and now making the wryest face imaginable, she said—

"Now Edward, I hope you do not call sixty dollars a large bill."

"Sixty dollars! yes, I do call it a large amount for these hard times. Where in the world do you think I can get all that money from? It is very certain that money cannot be picked up in the street. I verily believe that women think it makes no kind of difference at all how much money they expend upon dress; why in the world do you all wear so much finery? It certainly does not add to your looks at all. 'Beauty when unadorned is adorned the most,' so says the poet."

"It is my opinion, Edward, that the gentlemen are far more extravagant than the ladies. They are forever puffing away at a cigar which costs at least six cents. But it is nothing, I know for them to smoke sixty cents per day—oh, no! that is not extravagant, by any means—not a bit of it."

Minnie tossed her head and pouted her pretty lips, which looked like newly ripened strawberries. She was waiting to hear the answer which Mr. Jones would give to her remarks.

"Well, you know, Minnie, that smoking is a luxury which gentlemen so much enjoy."

"Well, now I want to know if we don't enjoy dressing?"

"But fine dressing is something so superfluous."

"I suppose, then, that smoking is not superfluous at all; would you not think me deranged, if I were to roll up a parcel of bank notes and burn them? I know you would; I consider smoking cigars the very same."

"Well, now, Minnie, do you know how many I smoke during the day?"

"No; for I never took the trouble to count them."

"Well, I am exceedingly moderate in smoking—only six or eight."

"Oh, I do not care how many cigars you smoke. Tell me, are you not going to pay this bill? A small one it is." An ironical smile followed the last remark.

"Small bill, Minnie! nonsense; where am I to get sixty dollars from?"

"That I cannot tell."

"You ought, then, to be more prudent, and not incur any such expenses, since you know it is out of my power to meet the payment of such large bills."

"You say, then, that you cannot pay it."

"I do—and furthermore, that you must not contract any more large bills, or small ones either."

"You do not owe for any cigars, then?"

"I pay for all I use—yes, all to the very cent."

Mr. Jones seated himself very complacently in his arm chair, and commenced puffing away at a cigar. Minnie could not refrain from smiling at his appearance, for she knew very well, when she drew the curtain aside that he would not look quite so composed.

"What pleases you so much, Minnie? It cannot be hard times. Do tell me, so that I may enjoy the laugh too; I do not believe in people keeping all the fun to themselves."

"Would you really like to know what pleases me so much, Edward?"

"I would, most certainly. Tell me anything to make me forget 'hard times.'"

"Oh, I was only laughing at this little note."

"What note?—let me see it."

Minnie handed it over, and the contents were—

"Mr. Edward Jones—to Rayson, Tyler & Co., Dr. To 1 box cigars, \$60."

Mr. Jones looked at the bill, and in his confusion threw the lighted cigar into the fire.—He found that Minnie had been playing some of her pranks upon him. He never felt worse in all his life; he had no other alternative but to take his hat and leave for a little while, till he recovered from the shock.

"Oh, consistency, consistency!" were the words which rung in his ears as he made for the door.

Minnie heard no more of hard times. Mr. Jones affirmed that Minnie was "wide awake" that time, and he, no doubt, took good care in future how he disputed an account, for the cigar bill would rise before him like some dreaded spectre to haunt his brain.

The Angel of Time.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

The angel of time, being commissioned by the Supreme Governor of the world, made proclamation that he had a hundred thousand years of additional life to bestow on the inhabitants of the earth. His trumpet echoed far and wide, penetrating the cities, the valleys, the mountains and reaching the uttermost extremes of the universe. The people flocked eagerly from all points of the compass, to prefer their claims to a portion of the beneficent gift; but it was surprising to see that the crowd consisted of the aged alone. The children were enjoying their youthful sports, and paid no attention to the proclamation; the youths and maidens were wandering in the labyrinths of love; and the men and women of a middle age were too much engaged in the pursuits of life to think on death.

The first who preferred his petition for a few additional years was an old man of fourscore and upward, and bent double with age.

"Thou doubtless wishest to live a little longer for the sake of thy children, and the companions of thy youth!" said the angel.

"Alas!" cried the old man, "they are all dead."

"Thou art in possession of wealth and honor?"

"Alas, no! I have lost my good name, and am miserably poor. Yet I wish to live till I am a hundred, and enjoy life a little longer." The angel bestowed upon him the privilege of living a hundred years, and he went on his way rejoicing and trembling.

The next applicant for lengthened years was a feeble old man who was carried on a litter. When he preferred his request the angel replied:—

"I understand. Thou art enamored of the charms of woman, of the beauties of the earth, the waters, and the skies, and wishest to behold them a few years more?"

"I am blind these ten years," said the old man.

"Thou art delighted with the music of the birds, the murmuring of the waters, the echoes of the mountains, and all the harmonies of the universe, and wishest to hear them a little longer?"

"I am deaf, and scarcely hear the sound of thy trumpet."

"Thou art fond of the delicacies of food?"

"Alas! my feeble health will not permit of such indulgences. I have lived on milk and crusts of bread these seven years past, and more, I am a miserable, sickly old man."

"And still thou wishest to lengthen out thy miseries. What pleasure dost thou enjoy in this life?"

"The pleasure of living," said the old man; and the angel granted him a few years more.

The third who approached the footstool of the angel was a decrepit female, almost bent to the earth, and trembling with palsy. Her teeth were gone—her eyes buried deep in their dark blue sockets—her cheeks hollow and fleshless—and she could hardly prefer her request, for an incessant cough, which drowned her voice and almost choked her.

"I am come," said she, "to beg a score of years, that I might enjoy the pleasure of seeing the cypress trees I have planted over the graves of my husband, my children, my grandchildren, and the rest of my dear relatives, spring up and perish before I die. I am hereof of all that were near and dear to me; I stand alone in the world, with no one to speak for me; I beseech thee, oh! beneficent angel, to grant my request."

"Though I grant thee lengthened days, I

cannot remove thy infirmities and sufferings. They will increase upon thee," answered the angel.

"I care not, since I shall know they cannot kill me before my time."

"Take thy wish," said the angel, smiling; "go and be happy."

"Strangel!" cried a learned man who had come to petition for a few years to complete an explanation of the Apocalypse, and had witnessed the scene. "Strange!" cried he, curling his lip in scorn, "that the most helpless and miserable of human beings should still covet a life divested of all its enjoyments!"

"Silence, fool!" replied the angel in a voice of ineffable contempt; "it rather becomes thee, ignorant mortal, to adore the goodness of providence, which having ordained that men should live to be old, mercifully decreed at the same time that the love of life should supply the absence of all its sources of enjoyment. Go! take thy wish, and finish thy commentary on the Apocalypse."

Household Recipes.

An exchange gives the following recipes which may be seasonable at this time:

CURRENT WINE.—To every pailful of currants, on the stem, put one pailful of water; mash and strain. To each gallon of the mixture of juice and water add three and a quarter pounds of sugar. Mix well and put in your cask, which should be placed in the cellar, on the tilt, that it may be racked off in October, without stirring up the sediment. Two bushels of currants will make one barrel of wine. Four gallons of the mixture of juice and water will, after thirteen pounds of sugar are added, make five gallons of wine. The barrel should be filled within three inches of the bung, which must be made air tight, by placing wet clay over it after it is driven in.

RASPBERRY WINE.—Take three pounds of raisins, wash, clean, and stone them thoroughly; boil two gallons of spring water half an hour; as soon as it is taken off the fire pour it into a deep stone jar, and put in the raisins, with six quarts of raspberries and two pounds of loaf sugar; stir it well together, and cover them closely, and set it in a cool place; stir it twice a day, then pass it through a sieve; put the liquor into a close vessel, adding one pound more loaf sugar; let it stand for a day and night to settle, after which bottle it, adding a little more sugar.

CHERRY WINE.—To make five pints of this wine take fifteen pounds of cherries and two of currants; bruise them together; mix with them two thirds of the kernels, and put the whole of the cherries, currants and kernels into a barrel, with a quarter of a pound of sugar to every pint of juice. The barrel must be quite full; cover the barrel with vine leaves, and sand above them, and let it stand until it has done working, which will be in about three weeks; then stop it with a bung, and in two months' time it may be bottled.

For Our Young Friends.

Geographical Enigma.

I am composed of 8 letters.
My first is a county in England famous for mustard.
My second is a small island in the Mediterranean Sea.
My third is a town and county in Pennsylvania.
My fourth is the capital of one of the Middle States.
My fifth is a small river in New York.
My sixth is a great division of the earth.
My seventh is a river and bay in New Jersey.
My eighth is the most powerful kingdom on the earth.
The initials and finals of the above form the names of two adjoining Atlantic States.
H. W. J., Greenfield.

Answers.

To Geographical Enigma of last week—Mrs. ELIZABETH JAMIESON.

PRINCE & CO'S



IMPROVED PATENT MELODEONS!

The oldest Establishment in the United States, employing Two Hundred men, and

FINISHING 80 INSTRUMENTS PER WEEK.

Combining all their recent improvements; the Divided Swell Organ Melodeon, &c. The Divided Swell can only be obtained in Melodeons of our manufacture.

First Premium Awarded Wherever Exhibited.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE CIRCULARS SENT FREE OF CHARGE, by Mail.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO., MANUFACTURERS, BUFFALO, N. Y.

WHOLESALE DEPOTS:—87 Fulton street, New York, and 110 Lake street, Chicago, Illinois.

WHOLESALE AGENTS:—Russell & Tolman, Boston, Mass.; W. E. Colburn, Cincinnati, Ohio; Balmer & Weber, St. Louis, Mo.; P. P. Werlein, New Orleans; A. & S. Nordheimer, Toronto, C. W.

Our facilities for manufacturing are perfect, and from our long experience in the business, having finished and sold over

Twenty-four Thousand Melodeons, we feel confident of giving satisfaction.

All Melodeons of our manufacture, either sold by us or dealers in any part of the United States or Canada, are warranted in every respect, and should any repairs be necessary before the expiration of one year from the date of sale, we hold ourselves ready and willing to make the same free of charge, provided the injury is not caused by accident or design.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO., 110 Lake street, Chicago, Illinois.

Agents for the sale of our Melodeons may be found in all the principal cities and towns in the United States and Canada.

THE BEST MACHINE IN THE WORLD.

KIRBY'S AMERICAN HARVESTER!



The Most Valuable Implement for the Farmer.

"Contains the most valuable Improvement of any Harvester in Use."

WE have the pleasure of offering Farmers the Improved Kirby's American Harvester for 1880, which stands now unrivalled for facility of operation, lightness of draft, adaptation to uneven surfaces, strength, simplicity and durability; and is pronounced by all who have tested the various machines in use, to be the most complete combined Reaper and Mower "either newly invented, or an improvement on any now in use."

First Premiums at State Fairs and Trials as the BEST REAPER AND MOWER COMBINED.

At the last New York State Fair, it was the only Harvester that received a Premium among some forty machines on exhibition. The Judges awarded it a Silver Medal and Diploma, as "The most valuable Machine or Implement for the Farmer, either newly invented or an improvement on any now in use." They say in their report: "We think the improvements put upon this machine since the last State Fair are of such a character as to justify entitle it to this award; and the exceeding simplicity and great strength of the machine must commend it to the farming community."

At the Wisconsin State Fair, last fall, it attracted especial attention, and after a very careful inspection by the Committee, was honored with three Diplomas—as a Mower, a combined Reaper and Mower, and for the one-horse Harvester.

At the Michigan State Fair last fall, it received the 1st Premium as the Best Combined Reaper & Mower.

At the Tennessee State Fair last fall it received the 1st Premium as the best Combined Reaper and Mower.

At the Tennessee State Fair last summer, it received the First Premium as the Best Combined Reaper and Mower.

At the last Indiana State Fair, it received the First Premium as the best Combined Reaper and Mower.

At the Indiana State Fair in 1878, it received the First Premium as the best Combined Reaper and Mower.

All premiums on machines as Mowers only, or Reapers only, do not recommend to farmers what they want, viz:—

THE BEST COMBINED REAPING AND MOWING MACHINE.

The Factory Price of the Improved Harvester for 1880, will be \$135; for Mower, \$110; for Little Buffalo Harvester, \$100—Mower, \$90.

For further particulars address

L. J. BUSH, Gen'l Agent, Toledo, Ohio.

The Harvesters are sold by the following agents in Michigan:

E. TINDALL, Tecumseh, A. V. PANTLUND, Paw Paw, J. P. HOLLY, Pontiac, J. L. HALL, Hillsdale, JOHN ALLEN, Plymouth, J. A. COON, Butler, Wm. TAYLOR, do, Wm. B. BREMAN, Niles, A. A. KIRBY, Leslie, T. G. LIMBROCK, Trenton, ARM. KIRBY, Mundy, M. ROGERS, Ann Arbor, Wm. M. THURBER, Flint, Wm. SPENCER, Jackson, E. & H. E. GREGORY, Owosso, J. E. GREGORY, Pontiac, O. H. FOOT, Grand Rapids, E. & N. DYK, Ionia, S. H. SOUTHWORTH, Kalamazoo, F. G. LAZARUS & CO., Dowagiac, TABBOT & CLAWSON, Conitreville, ELASTY, Pontiac, N. O. & W. W. CHILDS, Charlotte.

DAINES' AMERICAN DRAIN TILE MAKER.

The Best and Cheapest Tile Machine in the World.

Forty-one first Premiums awarded to it at State and County Fairs. First Premium at the National Fair, at Louisville, Ky., 1857.

The TILE MACHINE invented by JOHN DAINES of Birmingham, Oakland county, Michigan, is now being manufactured in the most thorough manner, and is offered to the farming community as the

Cheapest, Most Labor-Saving and Most Complete Invention,

and enabling farmers to make their own Tiles, that has yet been put before the Agriculturists of the United States, at a reduced price.

These machines are made of iron, are easily worked, men being able to manufacture a first rate article after a few hours practice.

They cost delivered in Detroit only \$100. They have two dies, for three and four inch tile; and extra dies to accompany the machine cost \$2.50 each.

These machines will manufacture per day, according to the force employed, from 150 TO 250 RODS OF HORSESHOE OR PIPE TILE. The machine weighs but 500 pounds, and can be packed and sent to any part of the United States, or to foreign countries, as easily as a piano.

With this machine, any farmer who has a fair quality of clay on his farm, can manufacture his own Tiles at a cheap rate, and easily save the price of the machine by avoiding the cost of transportation. The machine when in operation, takes up no more room than an ordinary sized kitchen table; it may be worked by two or three men as may be found most convenient and economical, or a man and two boys can keep it in full operation.

For Simplicity, durability, Economy, Cheapness, and amount of work, this Tile Maker Challenges the World!

At the present time, when thorough draining has become a necessity on alluvial lands, it offers the simplest and cheapest means of furnishing farmers with a draining material far superior to any other material now used for that purpose.

Applications for these machines may be addressed to JOHN DAINES, Birmingham, Mich.

DEALERS IN FRUIT TREES

Will send to the subscribers a very large stock of trees and plants, suited to the fall trade—(500,000 8 year apple trees, with other stock to correspond).

Persons selling, or about to sell trees in the west, for fall delivery, are invited to make us an early call. We are disposed to deal liberally with them, and furnish them with trees indigenous to the soil and climate of the west, saving them the exposures attendant on shipments from nurseries four or five hundred miles eastward. A few intelligent, industrious men can obtain agencies for sale of our stock.

A large trade has heretofore been done at this place, in trees trafficked for the east, but this year our neighbors have also good stocks of their own growth. We have always raised our own trees offered for sale. Our premises are at the head of Broadway, 3 miles above the Oliver house. Address as below.

HALL & CO., Hickory Grove Nursery, Toledo, Ohio.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,

Corner of Wood and Third Streets,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

HARRY SHIRLS, - PROPRIETOR.

12-5m

THE BEST MACHINE AND NO MISTAKE.

For the Harvest of 1860.

Double Hinge-Jointed and Folding Bar

BUCKEYE

MOWER AND REAPER,

Aultman & Miller's Patent.

OF CANTON, OHIO.

MANUFACTURED BY

Waters, Lathrop & McNaughton,

JACKSON, MICHIGAN.

A Perfect Mower,

A First Class Reaper,

It has proved to be

THE MOST DURABLE MACHINE

AND OF THE LIGHTEST DRAFT.

And it works

MORE EASILY & SURELY

THAN ANY OTHER.

IT IS THE MACHINE.

This fact

is so well established

by the Farmers themselves,

that there is no longer any occasion

for our incomparable list of

GOLD MEDALS AND FIRST PREMIUMS,

from

National, State and County Fairs.

What we wish now to say

to

the Farmers of Michigan

is

that any of them who have not yet ordered

one of these machines,

if

they want it

FOR THE HARVEST OF 1860,

they should lose no time

in ordering it

from us

or

from one of our Agents, viz:

Gen'l Agt. for the State, E. ARNOLD, of DEXTER.

Wayne County—HEATH & DRESSE, Elyadbury's Hotel, Detroit.

C. M. MANN, 108 Michigan Avenue, Detroit.

Oakland County—H. N. HILL, Pontiac.

Lapeer County—J. DURKEE, Pontiac.

WM. DENNISON, Troy.

Macomb County and east tier of townships in Oakland

County—L. WOODWARD, Rochester.

Columbia County—V. GIBBS, Homer.

G. B. MURRAY, Marshall.

BURNHAM & CO., Battle Creek.

Kalamazoo County—Dr. F. TAYLOR, Kalamazoo.

Lenawee & Monroe—KEYES & FRIEZE, Clinton.

Washtenaw, east part—Geo. ALEXANDER, Ypsilanti.

HORACE WELSH, Pittsfield.

HENDERSON & RISON, Ann Arbor.

Genesee Co.—J. C. DAYTON, Grand Blanc.

Oakland Co.—Wm. HENDERSON, West Novi.

Ionia County—H. DEARMON, Lyons.

Livingston Co.—FREEMAN WEBB, Pinckney.

Jackson Co.—M. LONGYEAR, Grass Lake.

J. W. BULWELL, Livingston county.

The reputation of the Buckeye is so well established (embracing ALL real improvements and having some peculiar to itself) which no other machine HAS OR CAN HAVE) that we have no fear that intelligent farmers in our State, who can procure this, will purchase any other either for mowing or re

MICHIGAN FARMER.

R. F. JOHNSTONE, EDITOR.
Publication Office, 130 Jefferson Avenue,
DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

S. FOLSOM,
WOOL DEALER,
90 Woodward Avenue,
DETROIT MICHIGAN.

THE MARKETS.

Breadstuffs.

There is so little doing at present, in flour or the sale of grain that very little can be said beyond quoting the mere prices. The crops appear to be coming in very favorably, and in some of the more favored counties such as Kalamazoo and St. Joseph, we learn that cutting the wheat has already commenced. The warm, dry weather of the past two weeks has matured this crop very rapidly, and we will very soon have to treat of the crop as a marketable article. All accounts agree that a large and full crop is a sure thing, if we have only good weather for harvest.

The eastern market remains pretty steady, \$1.50 is the price of prime western white wheat, and good fancy and extra brands of Michigan flour are worth \$3.75 to 6. Corn declines both east and west. Western corn, sound, sells at 60 to 65c in New York.

We give prices in this market as follows:
Extra white wheat flour, 50 lbs. \$5.00
Superfine flour, 50 lbs. 4.75
White wheat, extra, 50 lbs. 1.20
White wheat, No. 1, 50 lbs. 1.10
Red wheat, No. 1, 50 lbs. 1.05
Corn in the street, bush 0.45
Corn in store, bush 0.44
Oats, bush 0.28
Rye, bush 0.27
Barley, 50 lbs. 1.20
Corn meal, 50 lbs. 1.00
Bran, 50 lbs. 1.00
Coarse middlings, 50 lbs. 1.00
Butter, fresh roll, lb. 0.12
Butter in firkin per lb. 0.10
Eggs, 50 lbs. 4.00
Potatoes, 50 lbs. 0.25
Common sorts, 50 lbs. 0.15
Beans, 50 lbs. 0.12
Apples, green, best quality, 50 lbs. 0.50
Apples, red, best quality, 50 lbs. 0.45
Clover seed, 50 lbs. 4.00
Timothy seed, per bush 3.50
Hay, timothy, 50 lbs. 8.00
Hay, marsh, 50 lbs. 6.00

Live Stock, &c.

We note the sale of 25 head of good cattle this week purchased from various parties by Wm. Smith of the Marine market. These cattle were all purchased at a range of 8 to 8 1/2c, live weight. The quality of the beef is very good, and such would have brought 8 1/2 to 4c six months ago. We do not hear of any traffic in sheep; their price, however, ranges from \$1.75 to 2.50, according to weight and condition. There is no alteration in the price of hogs, but there have been none sold this week. Calves are not in much demand.

The reports from the eastern markets still indicate that an over supply is pressing upon them. We note that the prices given for cattle this week at Albany and New York are still less than those of last week, which was considered the lowest that had been known for years. In fact the real rate of first class cattle in the New York market is about 5 1/2c to 6c of estimated weight. This estimated weight may vary from 64 to 66 lbs. cwt. of live weight, according to the condition of the animals, but if we call it the average, we find that the actual rate of good beef cattle in the New York market is about 4 1/2c to 5c, live weight, when we take a cent off from this for transportation and expenses, there remains 3 1/2c as all the cattle is worth here.

Wool.

The wool market in this city presents nothing new. Buyers have given rather better prices during the week, but the receipts have not been large. Better markets are to be seen at Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor or Pontiac, and the farmers know this, therefore they do not bring their wool here. In the interior the rates paid have been in steady at 42 to 43c for the best clips. In some few instances rather higher rates have been paid, but these were got more through the competition of purchasers, and owing to momentary excitement, than because rates had really gone up.

The average rates of the several grades may be set down as follows:
Full blood Merino fleeces, worth 45 to 48
3/4 blood Merino, 40 to 45
1/2 blood Merino, 35 to 40
Common coarse fleeces, 25 to 35

GIFTS! GIFTS! GIFTS!!!

\$50,000 Worth of Gifts!!!

To be distributed among the purchasers of our GOLD PENCILS and GOLD LOCKETS.
Gold Pencil with Pen, \$5; Gold Spring Locket, \$5, and a gift to each purchaser, worth from \$2.50 to \$10.00.
Gold Pencil without Pen, \$3; Gold Spring Locket, less size than the above, \$3, and a gift to each purchaser, worth from \$1.50 to \$7.50. The following is a Schedule of property, one of which will be given to every purchaser of our Pencils and Lockets at the time of sale, as a dividend due our patrons, to be sent by Mail or Express, immediately upon receipt of the money.
25 Pat. Lever Gold Hunting Case Watches, worth \$100.00, \$2,500

25 Pat. Pever Gold Hunting Case Watches, worth 75.00, 1,875
50 Pat. Lev. Gold open face Watches, 50.00, 2,500
50 Ladies open face " 50.00, 2,500
50 Lepine Ladies open face Gold Watches, 30.00, 1,500
100 Pat. Lever Silver Hunting Case Watches, 25.00, 2,500
200 do do open face " 15.00, 3,000
200 Gold Vest Chains, 15.00, 3,000
200 Ladies Gold Chains, 15.00, 3,000
200 Gold Bracelets, 10.00, 2,000
200 do do " 10.00, 2,000
200 Cameo Sets, breastpin and ear-rings " 10.00, 2,000
150 Garnet do do do " 10.00, 1,500
100 Lava do do do " 10.00, 1,000
200 Coral do do do " 10.00, 2,000
200 Gent's California Diamond Breastpins, worth \$6; 200 wairs of Sleeve Buttons, from \$3 to \$6; Ear Rings and Breastpins, from \$1.50 to \$10; Boston Studs, per set, from \$2 to \$6; Finger Rings, from \$1.50 to \$6; Sets of Solid Silver Tea and Table Spoons, from \$2 to \$15; and a great variety of other articles being manufactured at all time. No risk as we will agree to take back the goods and refund the money, if parties are dissatisfied after receiving them. To avoid mistakes, write Name, State, County and name of Post Office plain, and Address WOLVERTON & CO., 26-11 No. 429 Broadway, New York.

HOWE'S IMPROVED HAY OR CATTLE SCALES!

THE BEST IN USE.

FIRST PREMIUM OVER FAIRBANKS, at Vermont State Fair, '97 and '98.
FIRST PREMIUM at no competition in 1899.
FIRST PREMIUM at 18 different State Fairs.
SILVER & BRONZE MEDALS at American Institute Fair, N. Y., 1899.
HOWE'S SCALES FOR ALL USES, have Great Simplicity Wonderful Accuracy.
Require no Pitt; may be set on top of the ground, or on a barn floor, and easily moved.
No Check Rod; No Friction on Knife Edges; all friction received on Balls. Weigh truly if not level.
Delivered at any Railroad Station in the United States or Canada, set up, and warranted to give entire satisfaction or taken back.
Send for Circulars and price lists, with account of trial of Scales between Howe and Fairbanks, at Vermont State Fair, to JAMES G. DUDLEY, General Western Agent, 95 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE PEOPLE'S MILL.

FOR SALE at PENFIELD'S AGENT, WAREHOUSE, at manufactory's prices, freight added; and can be seen running in this city, Detroit, Mich. 58-17

COX & ROBERT'S PATENT THRESHER AND CLEANER FOR 1860!



MANUFACTURED BY COX, HIBBS & CO., THREE RIVERS, MICHIGAN.

THE above is a view of the most perfect and economical Threshing Machine extant, and we would call the attention of the Farmers and Threshers to this celebrated Machine, which is now taking the preference over all others where they have been introduced, for the following reasons:
FIRST—They are less complicated in their construction than any other machine; they are not so liable to get out of rig, and will run full one-fourth faster, threshing as much with eight horses as others with ten and twelve.
SECOND—Perfection is combined with simplicity and ease of draft. These machines commence separating at the cylinder, the concave is perforated, and nearly three-fourths of the grain falls through on the bottom of the separator (which is built very light), having a vibrating

motion, with three sets of shaking fingers having an up-lift motion, the grain that passes through the concave is carried by the vibrating motion of the separator to the fan, while the straw at the same time and by the same process, is carried through, and coming in contact with the shaking fingers, gets such a thorough shaking that scarcely a single grain can be found with the straw as it leaves the machine.
THIRD—Their speed is equal to any other machine, threshing from four to seven hundred bushels per day, with eight and ten horses.
FOURTH—These machines are large, works free, requiring no attention other than regulating the blast, and cleans the grain suitable for market.
The improvements over the last year's machines consist in working the Separator with a double crank, so

constructed that the end shake is entirely taken off, and the shoe receiving its motion from the crank of the Separator.
Elevators are also used to carry the tailings back into the cylinder.
They are also building several kinds of Horse Powers. Their 8 and 10 horse improved Patent internal double geared "D" is recommended as being the most durable in use for heavy work.
Robert's Patent Single-gear Power is a very light running power, and one that we would recommend for light draft for four or six horses.
Endless Chain Powers, from 1 to 2 horse, built with wrought iron links instead of cast iron, by which all accidents from breakage are avoided.
Testimonials from the best farmers in the county can

be produced, but we deem it unnecessary to publish them, but will refer those who may wish to satisfy themselves to the following gentlemen:
A. C. PRUTZMAN, Three Rivers, Michigan.
Wm. P. MORRISON, Fabius, "
A. O. LAMB, Elkhart, "
ELIHU WARREN, Battle Creek, "
JOHN HARTMAN, Mottrville, "
SANFORD CORY, Lawton, "
C. HUSTON, Clarkston, "
GEORGE LINENDOLE, Burr Oak, "
Orders from a distance will be attended to with promptness.
For further particulars apply or address by letter to
COX, HIBBS & CO.,
THREE RIVERS, MICH.

The Bashaw Trotting Stallion

LONG ISLAND BLACK HAWK,

WILL stand this season at the Stable of W. G. McGREGORY, 46 East Larned Street, Detroit. Season to commence with May 1st and to close on the 15th of July next.

\$20 for the season, or \$25 to insure a mare with foal. Season money payable in advance of service; insurance money payable February 1st, 1861. Persons parting with mares before foaling will be held responsible for insurance money. Good pasture furnished for mares sent from a distance at 50 cents per week. All accidents or escapes at the risk of the owner.

LONG ISLAND BLACK HAWK

is half brother to Jupiter, Eureka, Mohawk, Plowboy, &c., the fastest horses on Long Island. He was sired by New York Black Hawk, who was by Andrew Jackson out of the famous trotting mare Sally Miller. Andrew Jackson was by Young Bashaw; dam by Why-not, by Imp. Messenger; Young Bashaw was by the Imp. Tripolian Barb, Grand Bashaw; Young Bashaw's dam was a daughter of Messenger, said to be thoroughbred.

The dam of Long Island Black Hawk was a thoroughbred racing mare, that had proved herself good at all distances from one to four miles.
For further particulars address
W. G. McGREGORY,
46 Larned Street East, Detroit.

Black Hawk Trotting Stallion

PROPHET.

THIS fine "Black Hawk" will be kept for the present season, on the farm of his owner (Wm. Smythe Farmer) in the township of Pipestone, Berrien Co., Michigan.

TERMS—\$15 FOR INSURANCE.

DESCRIPTION—"Prophet" is six years old, a black or dark bay, chestnut, small white star, soft silky hair, 15 1/2 hands high, weighing 1,100 pounds; for muscular development, activity style, and general action, he is not surpassed by any horse in Western Michigan; he has made his mile inside of three minutes though untrained.
PEDIGREE—"Prophet" was bred by Lewis Beers, of Bridport, Vt., sired by "Prophet" (owned by G. A. Austin of Orwell, Vt.), he by Hill's Vermont or old Black Hawk, by Sherman Morgan by Justin Morgan. Dam by Foote's Hamiltonian, by Harris Hamiltonian, by Bishop's, by imported Messenger. The dam of "Anastasia Prophet" was sired by Sir Charles, he by Duroc, who was also the sire of American Eclipse. Lady Walker, the grand dam of Prophet, was by Tippoo by Tippoo Sultan.

I will keep at the same place my "CLEVELAND BAY" horse,

LOVE STAR.

LOVE STAR was bred by me, is four years old, dark bay, black legs, mane, and tail, 15 1/2 hands high, weighing 1,400 pounds; good action and specimen of draught and general farm horse. TERMS—\$5 for insurance. Pipestone, April, 1860. 18-3w Wm. SMYTHE FARMER.

The Superior Trotting Stallion,

ROEBUCK ABDALLAH,

BRED from the purest Messenger stock, will stand this season at the stables of the subscriber on the Pontiac Road, at the Greenfield House, six miles from Detroit.

TERMS, \$15 FOR THE SEASON.

ROEBUCK ABDALLAH is a beautiful, bright chestnut horse, standing sixteen hands high, and of a particularly compact, strong muscular form, with his body set low on powerful limbs. For style and action this colt has no superior, and as he has never been used for stock purposes, but allowed to come to his present growth and age, he is in full vigor, with every mark of a sound and strong constitution. As a horse calculated to breed strong and useful, useful farm and road stock, of superior size and quality, and with great action and speed on the road, he is offered to the public.

PEDIGREE.

ROEBUCK ABDALLAH will be five years old on the 6th of next June, and was bred from Abdallah Chief, a horse brought into this State at an expense of over \$2,000, in 1855. Abdallah Chief was by Abdallah; he by Mambrino; and he by imported Messenger. The dam of Abdallah Chief was the Mathew Barnes mare, (well known in New York), by Phillips; her dam by Decatur by Henry, that ran against Eclipse; Phillips was by Duroc, his dam by imported Messenger.
The dam of Roebuck Abdallah is Lady Washington by the trotting stallion Washington, sire of Rose of Washington; he by Napoleon; he by Young Mambrino; he by Chancellor, out of a mare sired by imported Messenger; and he again by imported Messenger. Napoleon's dam was by Commander; he by Commander, he by imported Messenger. Commander's dam was by imported Light Infantry, said to have been by English Eclipse. It will thus be seen that on both sides Roebuck Abdallah obtains as direct a descent from the celebrated Messenger as any horse can have at the present time.

Roebuck Abdallah will be limited to twenty-five mares only, in addition to the stock of the proprietor. For further particulars apply to
G. F. LACEY,
Greenfield, Wayne Co., Mich., April 4, 1860. 14 Near the Six Mile House, Pontiac Road.

MAGNA CHARTA,

WILL serve mares from the 30th of April to the 15th of July, at \$50 the season. A mare served and not proving in foal, can be returned the next season (or another in her place) without extra charge.

MAGNA CHARTA's performance last season are unparalleled by any four year old. He trotted in June at the Utica Horse Show in 2:37 1/4, on a half mile track.
In August, at the Kent County Show, Grand Rapids, in 2:41 1/4, on a summer fallow.
At the National Fair at Chicago in 2:36, on a heavy half mile track (equalling the Great Western champion Reindeer in competition for the same premium).

At the Michigan State Fair he beat all stallions of all ages with ease in 2:46.
At the Kalamazoo Horse Show in October he made a third heat 2:38 1/4.
Mares sent to the horse will be pastured at fifty cents a week.
Coldwater, Mich., April 17, 1860. F. V. SMITH & CO.

STOCK BREEDERS' COLUMN.

J. BALLARD & SONS,

NILES, MICH.

BREEDERS OF DEVON CATTLE.

WE OFFER FOR SALE a few head of Thoroughbred Devon Bulls and Heifers, from three months to two years old. We invite special attention to the fact that the pedigree of all our breeding animals and their ancestors are on record in the Devon Herd Book, which enables us to give a perfect pedigree with every animal; that is, a pedigree that shall trace the animal on every side through an unbroken line of Herd Book animals, to importation from the most reliable herds in England.

Purchasers from a distance can have stock delivered on board the east of the Mich. Central or Mich. Southern Railroad free of charge. 24-3m

SHORTHORN CATTLE.

I WILL SELL a few head of Shorthorn Cattle, male and female. J. B. CRIPPEN. Coldwater, May 1, 1860. 15-4m

A. S. BROOKS,

WEST NOVI, MICH.

BREEDER OF SHORTHORN CATTLE.

FOR SALE, twenty head of pure bred Shorthorn stock, bred from recent importations, ranging from calves to four year old bulls and heifers.
For further information apply to A. S. BROOKS, 11-8m West Novi, Oakland Co., Mich.

VALUABLE HORSE STOCK

Offered at Private Sale.

THE subscriber having been engaged in breeding from the most valuable strains of thorough bred and full bred trotting and road horses for several years, is now prepared to dispose of a number of his young stock on liberal terms, and he calls the attention of those who desire to procure animals for breeding to the colts he offers for sale. An opportunity is now given to breeders to make a selection from stock bred from the best horses that have ever been introduced into Michigan or the western States. The list comprises colts from ten months to five years old, of thoroughbred, half and quarter bred, and road horses for sale, in both sides. Amongst them are some of the closest bred and fullest blooded Messenger stallion colts to be found anywhere, also colts bred from the stock of Glencoe, Boston, imported Stoneplover, Abdallah, Vermont Black Hawk and Long Island Black Hawk, all of them remarkable for size, style and action.
For further particulars address
E. N. WILCOX,
April 4th, 1860. 144f Detroit, Mich.

Reaping and Mowing Machines.

JOHN REILLY,.....WM. N. ELLIOTT.

REILLY'S ELLIOTT,

MANUFACTURERS OF

REILLY'S BADGER STATE

Reaping & Mowing Machine.

JOHN REILLY, PATENTEE.

They also manufacture

Steam Engines, Mill Gearing, Plows, and all kinds of Castings.

WHITE PIGEON, MICHIGAN.

THIS REAPER AND MOWER took the First Premium at the United States Fair in Chicago last Fall; also, at the Wisconsin State Fair in Milwaukee.

White Pigeon, St. Joseph Co., Mich., April 9, 1860. 15-6m

"HARD TIMES NO MORE."

Any person possessing a small capital of from \$3 to \$7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from \$5 to \$10 per day can be realized. For particulars, address (with stamp) W. E. ACTON & CO., 41 North Sixth-st., Philadelphia. 15-6m

Horse Powers, Threshers and Cleaners!

PITTS & 10 HORSE, EMERY'S 1 AND 2

Horse Powers, Pease's Excelsior Powers, Corn and Cob Mills, Cross Mill and Feed Mills, Flour Mills, Cross-cut and Circular Saw Mills, Leonard Smith's Smut Machines.

No. 108 Woodward Ave., Detroit.

CAST STEEL BELLS,

For Churches, Academies, Fire Alarms

Factories, &c.,

FROM SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.

HAVE been tested in all climates, Europe and America. Weigh less; cost less per pound; have better tones; can be heard farther than other bells. They cost 50 per cent. less than

THE BEST COMPOSITION BELLS.

Which are also sold by me at Makers' Prices.

BROKEN BELLS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.

Or re-cast on short notice. Such bells will nearly pay for Steel Bells of same size.

Send for Circular. Bells delivered in all parts of the United States or Canada, by JAMES G. DUDLEY, 44-ly 93 Main st., Buffalo, N. Y.

1860.

STONE PLOVER.

1860.

THIS IMPORTED thoroughbred horse will stand during the spring season of 1860, at the PARKER FARM, one and a half miles northwest of Kalamazoo, Mich., commencing April 15, and closing on the 16th of July next.

TERMS.

STONE PLOVER is without exception the best bred horse in the United States, and stands at the lowest price, being \$55 for the season; the money to be paid at the time of first service, or an approved note given for the amount.
Good pasture furnished for mares sent from a distance at 50 cents per week. All escapes and accidents to be at the risk of the owner.

PEDIGREE AND HISTORY.

Stone Plover was bred by the Right Honorable Earl Spencer, at Althorp in Northamptonshire, England, and was foaled in the spring of 1850; was sold, his annual sale of yearlings in 1851 to Count Bathyany, and never was out of the possession of the Count until sold to the present owner, who made one season with him in England previous to his importation into Michigan.

Stone Plover was sired by the renowned Cotherstone, winner of the Derby in 1843; his dam was Wrynck, by Slang, the sire of Merry Monarch, winner of the Derby, and of Princess, winner of the Oaks, and one of the most renowned sires of winners in Great Britain. Stone Plover was own brother to Stilton, winner of the great Metropolitan Stake at Epsom in 1852. Wrynck was out of Gtians by Tramp, sire of the winners of the Derby in 1852 and 1853, of the winner of the St. Ledger in 1823, and of Trampoline, the dam of Imp. Glencoe; Gtians was out of Miss Foy by Walton, sire of Phantom, winner of the Derby in 1811, and of St. Patrick, the winner of the St. Leger in 1820. Walton was by the great St. Peter, bred by Lord Derby and winner of the Derby in 1757. The stock from whence the dam of Stone Plover was bred is thus shown to be in the first rank for stoutness and high breeding.

Cotherstone was bred by the celebrated Mr. Bowes, and is by Touchstone out of Emma by Whisker, the dam of imported Trustee. Touchstone is now 31 years old, and requires no comment, as his progeny by their unparalleled success bear testimony to the deserved repute in which he and his stock are held. Surplus, the winner of the great Derby and equally great St. Leger Stakes, now standing at \$260 per mare, and Newminster, winner of the St. Leger, at the same price. Amongst his progeny may be named Bluebonnet, winner of the Oaks, Mendicant, winner of the Oaks, Flatcatcher, Frogmore, Lord of the Isles, Annandale, Storm, Touchwood, and others. Cotherstone, considered the best son of Touchstone, won more money for his owner as a three year old than any horse that had been bred up to that date. At New Market in 1845 he won the Riddleworth stakes of \$4,500; the next day won the Column Stakes of the same amount; on the first of July he won the Two Thousand Guinea Stakes, or \$10,000; on the 30th of May won the Derby stakes of \$21,000; on the 21st of July at Goodwood won the Greatwick stakes of \$10,750; in September ran second for the St. Leger at Doncaster and won \$1,000; the next day won a sweepstakes of \$10,000; and finally at the New Market meeting in October won the Royal Stakes of \$6,325. Cotherstone was then sold to his present owner, Lord Spencer, by whom he has been kept in his private breeding establishment up to the present time. The above particulars are on record in the English Racing Calendar and Stud-book.

DESCRIPTION.

Stone Plover is a magnificent bay horse, sixteen hands and one inch in height, standing on particularly short, strong legs, and is of great length, strength and substance. He is warranted a sure foot getter. Independent of his great racing qualities, he is well calculated to elevate the character, stamina, size, style and action of trotting, carriage and farm horses, to become the sire of a race of horses remarkable for size, spirit, endurance, and great beauty of form, being himself of the most beautiful color, fine symmetry, large size, majestic carriage and superb action; all of which is bred into him, being inherited from ancestors the most renowned in the annals of the turf in Great Britain. He is also free from defects, and is marked with neither curbed hocks, splints, spavins, ringbones twisted ankles, up-bitten joints, or any other imperfection, and is perfectly sound in every part.

Stone Plover has made two seasons in Michigan, and a class of his sucking colts were shown at the State Fair of 1859 for a premium offered by me of fifty dollars, being the largest individual premium ever offered by any member of the Society. These colts are now coming forward as yearlings, and amongst their owners are E. N. Wilcox, Esq., of Detroit; Judge Dexter, of Dexter; E. Arnold of Dexter, John Thomas of Oxford, Dr. Ransom of Kalamazoo, L. S. Treadwell of Hudson, A. D. Power of Farmington, and other breeders, to whom the subscriber refers for the character of the colts of Stone Plover. All show that this horse has the power of transmitting his best qualities and of stamping his progeny with his characteristics.

For further particulars address the subscriber, THOMAS WILLIAMS, Kalamazoo, Michigan.
Notice is also given that Stone Plover will make a fall season at the farm of the subscriber at Cooper's Corners, Plymouth, Wayne county, Mich., to commence the 20th July and to terminate the last day of October, at \$80 per mare.

ADMIRATION.

THIS Imported Thoroughbred Stallion will stand at the Stables of

A. L. HAYS, Marshall, Calhoun Co., Mich..

the ensuing season, 1860.

TERMS.

The terms of service will be Twenty-five Dollars, payable at the time of service, or in approved notes. The season will commence on the first of April and end on the first day of July. All mares proving not with foal will be entitled to service free from charge the next following season.

DESCRIPTION.

Admiration is a rich bay, sixteen hands high, coming four years old and perfectly free from blemishes of any kind. He possesses immense bone and muscle and was pronounced by the most competent judges to be one of the most perfect thoroughbred horses in England. He is thoroughly calculated to produce stock that will combine blood with bone and first class symmetry. He obtained the first prize at the Yorkshire Agricultural Show in 1853 for the best colt likely to make a Hunter, over 26 competitors. Also, the first prize at the Doncaster Show for the best colt calculated to get Hunters and Carriage horses. He served a few mares in England last season and proved himself a sure foot getter.

Admiration was bred by Mr. Johnson of Driffield Farm, Driffield, Yorkshire, England. Sire Sir Nestor by Ion. Dam Polonaise by Provost. He was purchased by Col. Maguire of Texas, now deceased, and imported last January into New Orleans, where he was sold by the executors of the estate and purchased by the subscriber, who may be addressed for further particulars. Marshall, Mich., 1860. 10-4t A. L. HAYS.

The Young Bashaw Trotting Stallion

KEMBLE JACKSON,

WILL stand for mares the coming season at Spring Brook Farm, adjoining the village of Farmington, Oakland county, Mich., commencing April 4th.

KEMBLE JACKSON will stand at \$20 the season. Money to be paid when mare is first served or a good note given for the amount.

Good pasture furnished at fifty cents a week. All accidents and escapes at owner's risk. Season to close on the 30th day of July, 1860.

Pedigree of Kemble Jackson:

KEMBLE JACKSON—Mahogany bay, 16 hands high. Star in his forehead; hind feet white half way up to the gambrel joints. Foaled June 14, 1854. The property of Isaac Akin, Pandling, Dutchess Co., N. Y. Sire, Kemble Jackson; dam, Lady Moore, half-sister to Lola.

Kemble Jackson was by Andrew Jackson; his dam, Fanny Kemble, sister to Charles Kemble, and sired by Sir Archy; her dam was Maria, sired by Gallatin; Maria's dam was got by Simms' Wildcat, sire out of a mare got by Morion's Traveler; her dam was an imported mare, name unknown, but thoroughbred.